

Margaret Formanston

THEODORE CYPHON:

OR,

THE BENEVOLENT JEW.

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A NOVEL.

IN TWO VOLUMES.

BY

GEORGE WALKER,

AUTHOR OF THE HOUSE OF TYNIAN, &c.

VOL. II.

Ah! wilt thou then recal the scene of woe,
And teach again my scalding tears to flow?
Thou know'st not how tremendous is the tale;
My brain will madden, and my utterance fail.

ANONYMOUS.

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THE ODORE CYTHON

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THEODORE CYPHON.

CHAP. I.

FREED by their folly from so imminent a danger, I descended from my disagreeable situation, my flesh shrinking as it were from its loathsome company, and I underwent a momentary pain at remembering that my actions had merited, nay, that I was actually flying from a similar suspension. I proceeded on my way over the common, pitying in my mind the weakness of men, when their senses are enslaved by ignorance and superstition, and turning in the versatility of thought to those impotent dictators who pretend to disseminate knowledge, but who bind ignorance in fetters of ten-fold duration, enchaining every noble faculty of reason, in the dungeons of doubt, mystery, and inexplicable perplexity. "O," said I, in the enthusiasm of thought, "O, that some disinterested men would form themselves into a society for the propagation of true knowledge, who

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would teach the multitude their height in the scale of existence, and convince them that actions alone can please a benevolent creature—who would teach them not to dread death as a conductor to eternal misery, if they cannot swallow incongruities, and who would teach them that the balm of credulity, called faith, is not sufficient to cover the most abandoned actions.”

Confident I should have nothing to fear at a great distance from home, I pressed forward the remainder of the night, during the day lying concealed in a thicket. On the second day I continued to walk forward, as I considered the danger now nearly over, and being weak for the want of refreshment, I ventured into a town through which the road lay.

The only shop open at so early an hour, was a little chandler's, who dealt in almost every article of country consumption, as well as second hand clothes. Having purchased some provisions of the man, I ventured to inform him I was just arrived from a campaign in the East Indies, and was going to see my friends, that I was ashamed of my scarlet coat, and would, if I could get it cheap, purchase another.

While I was fitting myself, and examining some other articles of dress, my eyes were struck with horror, and my blood recoiled back to its source, at a dirty half sheet of paper pasted

pasted against the wall, with MURDER at the top in large characters, and beneath, *An account of a most wicked, notorious, barbarous and inhuman murder, committed on the body of the late Lord D——, by his own nephew, Theodore Cyphon, for the purpose of gaining possession of his estate.—You have likewise an account of the marvellous appearances that have haunted the house, together with a relation of several supernatural prodigies performed by the said Theodore Cyphon.*

“Pray, my good friend,” said I, to the shop-keeper, without the least movement of feature; “Do you know this Theodore Cyphon?” “No,” he replied, “only as the report goes. I take it he is something of your size, (measuring me with his eye) and they say deals with Old Nick: for he slips out of all places of confinement, and though two thousand pounds be offered, nobody can take him for all that.”

“Then how can he escape from confinement?” said I.—“Why he was seized at first by the hostler, who saw him come out all streaming with blood, and was committed to jail, but he leaped from the top one stormy night, and has never been taken since.”

Being equipped in my new disguise, I thanked him for his information, and wrapping my old clothes in a bundle, I marched forward, entertained by the veracity of report. I soon

I left the town a considerable way behind me, I then disencumbered myself, by committing my bundle to the first stream I crossed, and having advanced near ten miles on the road, and passed safely by many passengers; I withdrew into a grove that I might not tempt fortune.

Towards evening I again ventured on, and had the temerity to enter a large town, but I quickly repented my folly. The first object which gazed me in the face, was my detested name, beneath the capital reward of two thousand pounds; my person was minutely described, and I shuddered as I read, lest any bye-stander should draw the parallel. I fancied every one watched me as I passed, I believed if I saw two persons whisper, it concerned myself. In this agitation large drops of sweat gathered on my face, all my resolution and spirit seemed absorbed in infatuated weakness.

My joy was inexpressible when free from this danger, a danger which I resolved no more unnecessarily to incur. I was chagrined and surprised that my father should have pursued his desire of taking me so far; well knowing, that however he might delight to torment, he would not wish to expose me to public justice, a step that would shock his pride and stigmatize his name.

It would be tedious to enumerate the various disguises I assumed, the many narrow escapes

escapes I had from the hounds of justice, who had now scented the reward, and were eager for blood.—The whole kingdom resounded my name, and I was often astonished that escape was at all possible.

It was in one of my concealments I had the happiness of rescuing your daughter, and repelling machinations similar to those which have for ever destroyed me. Tired at length with being hunted from mankind! despairing of again finding Eliza, whose image was the constant companion of my miseries, and the dumb partner of my woes, I turned my thoughts towards the Arab of the desert, who obeys the impulse of nature and of passion.

My life was in my own eyes of trifling consideration, yet I was unwilling to suffer for an action I held meritorious; and viewing with melancholy the objects and ideas that constantly crowded upon me, I beheld with equal abhorrence the ways and customs of nations, and the whole system of human existence. I proceeded to London, with resolution to fly to where the sword was law, and inclination the rule of right.

Withheld by your generosity and nobility of sentiment, my heart rejoiced in having found a man; but circumstances unhappily crowded again on my wayward fortune, and whispered that there was no rest for the head of a murderer, but the damp lap of nature, and

that I must begin again to traverse the maze of concealment, and adopt the inheritance of misery.

* * * * *

“Alas!” cried Eve, laying the manuscript upon the table, and wiping away the tears, that followed each other down her lovely cheeks, “how has my foolish passion brought new evil on the object of its existence! Yet why should he fly us? Surely he could not suppose we would have betrayed him with a kiss of peace: for justice could not demand the sacrifice.”

“Nay, my daughter,” said Shechem, “he certainly did not wrong us by such a supposition, or he would not now have placed in us this confidence. Besides, in my opinion, his crime, though dreadful, was abstractedly meritorious, inasmuch as it destroyed from the surface of the groaning earth, a wretch who converted its goods into the means of evil: but, physically and morally considered, he was most assuredly wrong, because infringing on the right of his neighbour to live, and because, if *private* justice were allowed, no man, however virtuous, however praise-worthy, would escape the calumny of every individual; life would be held on a precarious tenure, and the whole world would become a slaughter-house, until the race of man was utterly extinguished. It is better, therefore, that partial evils, though enormous, be permitted

permitted (if the law provides no remedy) than that general evil should result."

"I am unequal," replied Eve, "to follow the mazes of metaphysical discussion: but cannot we think of some expedient to recal the wanderer, who from this hour shall be to me no more than a tender friend? Yes, I admire his firmness; I partake in his passion for the unfortunate Eliza; and emulating, as I will aspire to do, his rectitude of principle, I will rise above the weakness of love, since it is now unjustifiable."

Shechem rejoiced at this unexpected elevation of mind; and more than ever astonished at the eccentricities and strange fortune of his friend, who was a victim to vindictive passion, he readily agreed on establishing an enquiry, tending to discover where Theodore had again launched into obscurity: but here an obvious difficulty presented, for how could any inquiry take place, without exposing the unhappy circumstances he laboured under; thus, in place of friendship, he should become his persecutor, since to detect him in his haunts, was to deliver him to the magistrate.

Thus perplexed, the benevolent descendant of Abraham found his intentions defeated, and the son of his affections lost to his bounty. The character of Squire Cyphon appeared to him more blood-thirsty, more inhuman, than that of the prowling tiger in the desert of Lybia, or the

lion of the Thebian wilderness. Not contented with reducing him from the shadow of comfort, with hurling on him immensity of destruction, of destroying the source of every tender sensation, and every connection which gives value to the existence of socialised man; he now hunted him like a beast of prey, and panted for the blood of his only son; and for what? From whence originated this? From an accidental blow, given in the resistance of wanton power; for refusing to abandon at command the controul of his will; and not bowing down to lick the dust from the feet of epitomized tyranny.

If his knowledge of Theodore was lost in darkness, the traces he had left behind held out some glimmerings, by which hope might be induced to follow. Whilst he weighed in his mind the plan he should adopt, and sighed at the inefficacy of all human institutions to repel the encroachments of injustice and oppression, his daughter retired with the paper to her chamber, where she wept at the fate of the Hansons, sighed at the destruction of the Simsons, and prayed to the God of Abraham, Isaac and Jacob, for the safety of Theodore. Her boasted firmness was shaken at a view of the dangers which encompassed him, like the lines of a besieged city; and her soul was dismayed at the idea that Theodore—the man whose actions were the dictates of justice—who had rescued her from violation, and whose image had first created in her heart the tremulation of love—would perhaps expire on a gibbet—be cut down like a flower in the bloom of youth.

A thousand

A thousand impossible expedients crowded on her mind. One while she proposed to seek him in disguise, to watch and hover round him as a guardian angel: another time to brave the anger of his father and extort a pardon. But these she was conscious were alike impracticable, being solely the sportings of imagination.

Though so great her feelings, she possessed the spirit of a noble mind; and though she had doated on Theodore with all the fondness of juvenile passion, those sentiments were transformed, all the dross of weakness was substracted, and the pure ore of ardent friendship alone remained. Though the judge had not considered his engagements sacred, to her they appeared inviolable, and equal to the most solemn form.

The same evening Shechem wrote to Edward in terms of ambiguity; that being interested in the fate of Eliza, and in fact guardian to some property fallen to her, he wished for information of her then situation, and likewise that of her sisters; proposing also, that if business or pleasure led him to town, that he had matters of moment to communicate relative to Theodore. More he would not hazard to the conveyance of the post, as he doubted not but Squire Cyphon would, like his brother despots, keep his emissaries in pay where intelligence was likely to be gathered.

Some days after this, the lawyer whom Shechem had often occasion to employ in his business,

ness, called upon him to consider the progress of a suit in Chancery, which had been depending for many years, and seemed likely to remain in *statu quo*, which inclined the Jew, who loved not to *throw good money after bad*, to suffer the affair to die, declaring he believed the office took its name not from the common chances of law, but from the chance of the clients living to see the termination of the suit.

The lawyer, who had before this witnessed the singular modes of thinking and acting peculiar to the Jew, proposed a question he said had been referred to his decision, viz. the legal heir of an estate being missing, can the next in right proceed to possession?

“My good friend,” replied Shechem, “there is great ambiguity attached to the term *missing*, on the circumstances of which hang the definition.”

“Can then,” said the lawyer, “the second in heirship obtain possession, the premier being insane?”

“Assuredly,” replied Shechem, “provided provision is made in case the insane recover his senses.”

“Well,” replied the lawyer, “this is not altogether the statement, but now I will give you a brief of the case. The true heir of the estate,

estate, in order to obtain possession, having made away with the incumbent, is obliged to abscond, and has hitherto eluded the vigilance of law. He lies at the same time under imputation of derangement, so that if not executed for the murder, he will be held in durance. The question is, whether in the mean time the next heir can obtain possession.?"

"I hold not," said Shechem, whilst reflections that arose in his mind flushed his cheeks—"Dost thou not know, that till condemned by the law, every man is presumed innocent, and therefore his estate cannot devolve to another till he hath actually suffered the sentence? But in the mean time, I apprehend guardians should be appointed, like regents in a kingdom, whose prince is a minor. But I think, if thy case is singular, the haste of thy employer is equally so; and I have a shrewd suspicion he is within my knowledge."

"You have exactly met my ideas," replied the lawyer; "and the notoriety of the transaction I have glanced at may help you to information."

"And if I judge right," said Shechem, "in fixing on Squire Cyphon, it is to him an eternal and everlasting disgrace. Not content with offering two thousand pounds reward to bring his son to the executioner, he is too impatient to wait the death of that son, to defer his possession of an estate which, but for the crime of that son, would never have devolved to him."

As

As Shechem had nothing to communicate, and could gain no further intelligence, he was contented to turn the discourse, in his own mind more than ever execrating so vile a depravity, so eager a thirst after riches and the bauble of a name. It is no wonder, thought he, the world has been deluded in blood, and the human race dragged to slaughter for the glory of *fame*, when a village Nero can play his pranks of domination, and scourge with a lash whom he pleases.

No letter had yet arrived from Edward, and Shechem began to doubt whether his affection had not been lost in the common odium attached to the crime of his cousin. But from these suspicions a few days relieved him, by bringing Edward himself to the Minories.

His enquiries after the exiles had been fruitless. At the receipt of the letter his impatience did not allow any delay, and he came forward in the eager expectation of embracing his cousin; he was therefore much disappointed, to find that he again was lost, and that a barren narrative alone remained behind.

Of the fate of Eliza he was equally ignorant, no one having appeared to claim the portion he had advertised in her name; and considering her inability to provide for her own maintenance by labour, he could only conclude that death had finally closed upon her sufferings. As to Squire Cyphon, his life was a circle of terror
and

and a succession of alarm. His timidity was notorious, and his cruelty more insufferable than ever, for not tasting any comfort himself, he could not endure in his sight any one whose countenance wore a smile, and contrived, by moroseness to involve every face in eternal gloom. No precaution the vigilance of suspicion could suggest, was unemployed to guard against assassination or surprise. His windows were barred with iron, his own suite of apartments were only to be entered by a narrow door, and to prevent poison, he made his servant taste every dish and every bottle that was brought him. His sleep was broken and interrupted; frequently he would rise in the night and examine his pistols. He refrained from all intercourse with his neighbours, living a voluntary prisoner to the wantonness of his power and the consciousness of his deserts.

“And such,” said Shechem, “are the enjoyments of tyrants; for knowing themselves a burthen on the earth, they fancy every weapon of death endowed with latent powers, and turning against them. But do you really think him so depraved as to wish to see his son publicly executed?”

“As to that,” said Edward, “probably he may, if he considers it necessary to his own safety: yet I cannot say, as it would wound his pride, and brand him with infamy, for amidst all this he is tremblingly alive to fame, and affects to lament the insanity of his son as the stimulus of his outrage of Lord D——, and

and as the motive for his own precaution. The large reward, I believe, is solely to get him in his power, and no doubt he aims at confining him for life."

Eve was disappointed that no tidings transpired, tacitly reproaching Theodore with want of friendship, in obstinately persisting in a silence he must know would inflict pain on his friends. Yet to this allegation of ingratitude the excuse was ready: How could she know his situation, the difficulties in which he might be involved? and she daily dreaded to hear of his being discovered by the ministers of justice, or the candidates for reward.

Finding, that though his journey had indeed assured him of the existence of Theodore, it could give him no clue to the inexplicable labyrinth he had again entered, Edward took leave of the benevolent Israelite and his tender daughter, returning to prosecute plans of improvement, and to pass his life in irresolute indolence. Not finding, in the meridian of his own quality one female whom his heart could approve, he hesitated to adopt her, whose sole disqualification was a want of what himself abundantly possessed; so ridiculous are the ideas often allowed to influence the actions of those who are otherwise wise.

CHAP.

CHAP. II.

A little Incident that would embellish a great History.

SOME months passed away without bringing any account of Theodore, and Eve had with difficulty overcome the painful thought of never again beholding the friend of her heart. Shechem had made every possible enquiry permitted by discretion, but all his circumlocutory interrogations, tended alike to the point of ignorance, and he could not but admire amidst his regret, a vigilance that so effectually eluded the inquisition of justice—the hopes of two thousand pounds, and the researches of friendship.

He had examined the captains concerned in the Levant trade, not knowing but he might have executed his former intention of wandering with the wild Arab, yet no traces could be found.—It was in the cabin of one of those vessels, he observed a young man with a complexion darkened by the sun; features that were natives of England, but possessing the solemnity and commanding grandeur of the East; and he
was

was more particularly engaged by a general likeness, he fancied he could trace to Eliza Hanson.

He could not suppose it herself, the features being masculine, yet the cast of countenance engaged him, and he entered into a conversation, during which he discovered that he was just come from Alexandria.

"I have," said he, "after discourse had introduced familiarity, "a diamond of some amount I would willingly part with, and if you favour me with your address, I will take your opinion." With this Shechem readily complied, and under pretext of business, pressed him not to delay, but if convenient, to come the same evening.

Without being able to account for the sudden partiality he felt for one so totally a stranger, any other than as he came from the city where much of his life had been spent, he waited with impatience for the hour appointed, and when the stranger arrived, dispensed with his general rule, by conducting him into his library.

The diamond was produced, and fifteen-hundred pieces agreed on as the price, but when the stranger signed his name to the receipt, Shechem could not refrain expressions of surprise, at the signature of *Jasen Hanson*.

"Pardon

"Pardon me," said he, "thou art certainly related to the Hansons of——, and it was the affinity of thy countenance first excited my desire of speaking to thee; may I then enquire how near thou art of kin?"

The young man gazed on the withered form of Benfadi, he reflected a moment, and no doubt considering that no danger could arise from a solution of the question, owned himself the son of the poor curate, and enquired impatiently if he could give him any information.

"Alas! my son," said Shechem, whilst he wiped a tear from his eye and faltered in his accent; "I understood thou wert sent to Bombay, then how camest thou to Alexandria?"—"That," said Hanson, "my present impatience will not allow me to relate; but I beg if you are informed, keep me no longer in ignorance of what so nearly concerns me, for from the infamous practices under which I myself have suffered, I have the most fearful forebodings that I am not the only victim."

"A storm," said Shechem, "cannot well fall on one, without spreading to another, and seldom can vengeance be executed, without involving every connection with the patient. I have indeed to wound thee to the heart, to unfold to thee, inflictions of a villainy disgracing to the name of man; but my age and my infirmities forbid me to undertake the task in my own person. Here is a paper written by thy
juvenile

juvenile and suffering friend, Theodore, in which thou wilt see that virtue in this world, is not an insurance of prosperity."

He left Hanson to read the destruction of his family, retiring to the company of his daughter, who charmed his tumultuous thoughts into calmness, by the influence of magic sound.

Revenge, grief, distraction, and the most poignant sensations, swelled and tore by turns, the bosom of Hanson, but when he came to the fall of the tyrant, he cried out—"God-like Theodore! noble, high-souled friend! this is well, this is right." A stream of tears gushed from his eyes; in some degree allaying the burning heat his over-agitation created, and he continued to follow Theodore through his flight and obscurity. The conclusion which involved him in darkness, awakened his remembrance of where he then was, and having called Bensadi, eagerly enquired if he knew where his friend was concealed, or where he might embrace his sister.

Of these Shechem knew no more than himself, relating, till supper was announced by his daughter, the several expedients he had unsuccessfully tried. For any other company Hanson would have been totally unfit, but the cordial kindness of the Jew, and the softness of his daughter, were some consolation to a disappointed mind; for having hoped to place his parents and sisters in affluence, the blow he had received
by

by this knowledge of their ruin, for a while seemed to stun him with its force.

Not being under an engagement of returning to the vessel, he accepted for that night an apartment at Bensadi's, and turned in his mind the scheme of retribution he should adopt, considering in the ardour of youth he had a right to retaliate, and adding what he had personally suffered, to the injuries of his relations, he knew no bounds to stay the rage of his vengeance. He conceived it the part of wisdom not to leave any thing to chance, and before he commenced hostilities on the enemy, policy dictated the necessity of preventing reprisals by leaving opportunity; he therefore first determined to discover Eliza, and place his sisters beyond the reach of common misfortune.

On the morrow, Shechem accompanied his new friend to arrange some matters of business with the Levant trader, and as Hanson was wholly ignorant of the town, consequently liable to impositions, he desired Shechem to admit into his house two trunks, containing, as he hinted, articles of considerable amount.

An increase of fortune like this, appeared almost miraculous in the eyes of the Jew, and more than once he expressed his curiosity and surprise, that in the space of so short a time, he could have amassed so much, especially since he had not been in any of those offices, where opportunities are furnished of plundering the Indian.

Indian, and extorting with demoniac rapacity the labour of his hands.

“ So far from that,” replied Hanson, “ my rank is no more than an East-India soldier ; thus you see, I myself am a slave broke from his bonds ; but I will reserve my adventures, that your daughter may hear them, for you know the soldier’s vanity is great in relating his toils, and the traveller delights to recount to the fair the danger he has surmounted, that sex being peculiar in their love of bravery and commiseration of distress.”

With this promise Shechem was satisfied, and having at his return provided him with an apartment and secured the trunks, they sat down together, and Eve signifying her desire to know all that related to a family she loved, for the sake of Eliza, he began.

* * * * *

IT is justly said, that the pleasure of describing our difficulties after they are passed, compensates in a degree, their sufferance ; and I no longer wonder at the dangers braved by heroes, when I taste the satisfaction of again passing over them in safety.

You know the low station in which the evolutions of fortune had placed our family, and that by *the bounty* of that infamous miscreant, Theodoric, I was for a time placed at College.

It

It is assuredly, (taken in a moral light) as much a debt to satisfy expectations we voluntarily raise, as any other obligation proceeding from verbal assertion, and he who gives a youth reason to believe he will provide for his establishment, is absolutely bound to do so. With this proposition in my view, it was no small check to my aspiring hopes, to find in place of being raised to a situation of emolument, that the extent of my patronage, was to reach merely to a chaplaincy aboard a man of war, and I lamented the insanity of my friend, to whose absence I imputed the change in his uncle.

Little at that time did I conceive the possibility of his being the subject of such malignant persecution; little did I conceive him struggling with all the hardship of imprisonment, or I would have sacrificed life and fortune for his relief, though a nation had arisen to oppose.

By the comparison of time, I perceive that the instant of my departure, was the signal of destruction to my family, and that the day which launched me on the surface of the mighty deep, was to overwhelm the innocent in boundless misery; but of this I was ignorant.—With all my fancied sense, I possessed no more prescience than the sheep beneath the hand of the butcher. I proceeded on the voyage with the lofty hopes of an adventurer, but scarce had we lost the last glimpse of the shores of Britain, than the farce of my chaplaincy was explained, and my real destination laid open; being, that I was sold into the *Company's* service, and thus sent

sent to be a minion of oppression, and the instrument of enslaving those who had more right to that territory than ourselves, except indeed, the *weighty* consideration of a *heavier* artillery.

In the first transports of my indignation, (for my temper is not to be trod upon) I ran to the side of the ship, and should have plunged for ever from a world of so much treachery, had not one of the seamen caught me by the coat. I was ordered beneath deck, and pinioned to the boards by heavy irons, in a little chamber where the air scarcely penetrated, and the stench of bilge water was almost equal to suffocation. In this miserable situation I was not alone; a situation in which we tasted the treatment of those black and copper-coloured *beasts*, that are brought from the coasts of Africa, to plant our sugar canes, to turn our mills, and make fortunes for the most imperious of Adam's descendants.

The room in which we were pinioned was six feet by five, where three of us were stowed to supply the Eastern markets. The one was a young gentleman who was an orphan, and left to the care of an uncle. The other a youth, who coming to town, ignorant of the practices which are either connived at by the magistrates to the blasting of the English character, or elude the vigilance of the police to their everlasting disgrace.

This

This youth was traversing the streets out of curiosity, when he was accosted by a well-dressed man, and asked if he wanted employ; void of suspicion, he answered in the affirmative. "Well, my lad," said the *gentleman*, "a friend of mine who is a merchant, will employ you; take this paper, and tell him Mr. Nox sends his compliments." The youth did as directed, with many expressions of thanks, and hastened to the house of the merchant, who lived on the banks of the Thames. He was shewn into a parlour, received a glass of wine, was desired to sit down, fell asleep, and when he awoke, found himself handcuffed and in the dark. Being robust, he attempted to escape, but in vain: and in the dead hour of midnight was conveyed down the river and pinioned in the hold.

"And such," cried I, "is the boasted generosity of Britons, such the usage of Christians; and is it possible a free nation can suffer contractors for men? Why have I not power to purge, to exterminate those leeches who suck the blood of society? But, alas! I am only an East-India-soldier, going to add my weight to the scale of that universal oppression, which spreads from the black son of Afric's burning sands, to the vizier, who, glittering in gilded trappings, bows his neck to the bow-string of eastern omnipotence."

The soul which enjoys no internal source of consolation, will in circumstances such as mine were then, sink into despondency; but my mind being stored with the instructions of a father,
and

and the learning of ages, I never, in any of my accidental distresses, gave way to useless repining, but sought in myself some means of obviating. I knew, to oppose power by force, was like battering at a wall with sand; but I knew also, that to countermine it by what is called *cunning*, was like wearing away the foundations where every particle of sand detached was advancing progression.

Being myself a minister of religion, my thoughts often adverted to its influence on mankind, and I saw that, throughout the varied globe, one universal principle, was the groundwork of every establishment, namely, Superstition. I saw that men were more guided by their terrors than a rectitude of principle; and that in the eye of Him who permits this diversity of form, the most bigotted devotees of any sect, whether Bramin, Mahometan, Christian, or Jew, could not stand candidates for his favour, wanting the qualification of moral virtue; but possessing that, the habit of their nation, the contradiction of their superstition, and inflections of form, must, as the dust on the beam, preponderate alike.

I pass over the intolerable hardships of a situation like ours; the dreadful endurance of a burning zone, where the air inhaled was impregnate with fire, and all the stench of a ship, with the comforts of rotten provisions and stinking water. I conduct you at once to our landing at Bombay, where I and many more were enrolled in the Company's service, and sent up
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the country to quell an insurrection, the copper-coloured sons of the earth being tired with the rapacity of the white, and the tortures these inflicted in extorting taxes, the right of collecting which was undeniably established by the edicts, the cannon.

After suffering every hardship, thirst, the weights of arms, and dust, (raised by our company and the winds) could inflict, we came in sight of a village, where the enemy were strongly entrenched. It was determined by those acquainted with the feelings of human nature, to impress a full sense of our superiority on the various tribes, by holding out exemplary punishment.

The drums and trumpets sounded to the charge, as the shades of night served to raise the terror of uncertainty. The cannon from an oblique battery began to roar, and flashes of sulphureous fire gleamed through the thickened air. The voice of humanity was extinguished in the principle of self-preservation; the soul, goaded to madness, surrounded by murder, arose above itself, and triumphed in blood and slaughter.

A body of infantry advanced, under cover of a heavy cannonade, to storm the lines, which was quickly effected, the bodies of our companions (many only slightly wounded) serving to mount the parapet. Without regard we trampled the dying to pieces; and in the torrent of entrance where a breach was formed, many

were smashed or torn asunder. Our bayonets were fixed, and served in place of pikes, with which we charged the enemy drawn up in close compact on the banquette; and whilst the blood streamed from our wounds we threw ourselves upon their weapons, stabbing them in the face, and carrying all before us with irresistible fury. Some hundreds of our men perished by being unable to keep their feet amidst the promiscuous confusion of mangled carcases, and the glutinous mixture of blood and flesh, and mud, so that falling down, they were either smothered or trod to pieces. No quarter was given. Man, woman, and child, were hewn down with the sword and the axe, or knocked on the head like brutes. Fire, the most dreadful of elements, spread devastation amidst the houses, where those who feared the brutality of the soldiers were burnt to death.

Close to the spot where I stood, a young woman, wholly naked, with two babes in her arms, rushed from a sinking house, frenzy rolled in her eye, her hair streamed upon the wind, and screaming a language we knew not, besought our mercy. A tall Scotchman, whose eyes flashed the fury of the damned, seized her children by the hair, and dashed their brains out upon the ground. He was going to plunge his bayonet into the breast of the mother, when a ball struck her to the ground, and scattered her brains in my face: at the same moment, a black, naked and streaming with blood, rushed from a heap of ruins, and with his axe split the white savage from the head half down the back.

Hell

Hell itself is repose, peace and pleasure, to the scene I then saw ; a scene which turned the blood in my veins, and rendered my life detestably loathsome. No sound met the quivering ear, save piercing shrieks, groans, shouts, oaths, and the roaring of cannon. The haggard eye trembled at the falling houses, the blazing fire, and the suffering people, who fell beneath a promiscuous butchery. Virgins were hastily ravished, and then murdered without pity. Children were thrown into the flames ; the young and the old universally perished.

Whilst the fury of the storm had lasted, I, as a part of a machine called an army, had acted in *concord* ; but now I stood still, petrified with horror, at the corner of a street, the smoaking ruins burning about me. Personal danger had no time to occur. My soul was shocked, my whole frame was convulsed, and I called aloud for the fury of Heaven to sink at once the conquerors and the conquered, into the bowels of the earth, that if possible such a scene of carnage might be wiped from the annals of humanity. But when I considered this was only a freak, a petty transaction in a village, a trifle not worth mention, when compared to the battles and storms which croud on the pages of history, and swell the pomp of glory and ambition ; I raised the point of my sword to my bosom, and should have bade adieu, without regret, to the enlightened, the polished, the civilized, the wonderful sons of earth, had not a blow behind lulled my senses into stupor, and closed

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my eyes on the grand display of human magnificence.

I was awakened from my trance by a stab in the breast; and opening my eyes perceived a black (with a visage flashed into the form of a demon) standing over me, and ready to repeat his stroke with the only arm he had remaining. I was not born for passive obedience; a burning splinter lay close beside me, and grasping it more through instinct than reflection, I gave him a blow that dashed him into the flames.

I started up, and looked round me with a vacant horror not to be described, at the objects which encompassed me; and chilled by the silence which universally reigned, except interrupted by a crash of a tumbling beam, or the cracking of the flames. This stillness was as awful as the preceding tumult had been tremendous. In every direction the fated eye turned to find repose, objects of rapine and barbarity met. The mutilated carcases of Indians and Europeans blended promiscuously in gore, which stagnated here and there in hollows. In one place an old man and woman were transfixed to the earth with the same pike. In another a woman was hanging to a post, with two children tyed to her feet. There was yet no other light than that of the flames; and being without a companion, I sat down on a dead body, to reason on the track I should pursue. To remain with the army I shuddered at; as my assistance must then be given to injustice and oppression. I had no hopes of being free when the
the

the term of five years was expired, as I had before me examples of the deceits practised on those who wished to return. The value of my existence was not worth the chance of a die, but that chance I resolved to throw, rather than submit any longer to slavery.

Whilst I thus sat and reflected, I perceived indistinctly through the gloom, the figure of a man, gliding along; he was naked, and held a large knife in his hand, whilst from his neck hung a bag, into which, from time to time, he put something. He came nearer, and by the light of the embers I could discern him cut off the head of a man; and it then struck me he was one of those vultures that hover over a field of slaughter to strip the dead; and not knowing but I might stand the chance of a visit, prepared to meet him, by unsheathing my stiletto.

My motion had attracted his eye, and he instantly advanced with large strides towards me. I started up, and brandished my weapon. Probably being too intent on his prey, he took no heed to his feet, and stumbling over a carcase, he fell prone before me. In an instant I stabbed him through the throat, and finding he was *done for*, by his dropping the knife, I turned him over to examine the contents of his bag. I tore it from his neck, and taking it up to a blaze of fire, opened the mouth; but I cannot express to you the shock I underwent at discovering pieces of ears and fingers, which this miscreant had cut or torn from the bodies, for the sake of the golden ornaments. I threw the

C 3

infamous

infamous plunder into the flames, with the shudder of a man who has unawares grasped a serpent. I resolved instantly to desert, and fly from the very face of man.

I quitted the reeking village, where so much had been done to convince the wretched Hindoos of the justice, humanity and bravery of the British nation. As I feared our army would shortly return from the pursuit, I hastened as fast as my wounds would permit, in a direction as opposite as I could judge from the route of their march.

The pale flashing meteors, which like the aurora borealis scintillate in the fiery atmosphere of the east, served to guide me through a country without a leading road, and before day I had made up to a forest of banyan, plantain and other trees peculiar to the climate. Under these I sat down to rest till the morning, my wounds being painful, and my strength declining.

CHAP. III.

The Retaliation of a Hindoo.

WHEN the sun again rose upon the highest branches of the forest, I endeavoured to penetrate the depths of the shade; but owing to loss of blood, and the languor ever succeeding extraordinary exertion, I was more than once on the point of fainting. Nature had, however, provided bountifully for the wants and necessities of man; the most delicious fruits hanging in abundance. I sat down to feast on oranges and pomegranates, and found a delightful freshness spread through my frame. The fragrance of the shrubs, which bloomed, where in cold climates only brambles will vegetate, was borne on the faint breeze, fanning the senses. The fecundity of nature contributed equally to luxury and delight. I thought myself on the borders of Paradise; and had not the recent scene of carnage opposed as a drawback, I should have pronounced, that even on our earth there were spots exempted from evil.

In the midst of this enthusiasm, I observed the bushes to shake, the high grass to tremble, and

a large snake, nearly six yards long, curled before me. I was fixed to the spot with fear; all my paradisaical images faded in an instant; though I should have remembered that, according to Moses, this animal was no stranger in the garden of Eden. There was something peculiarly dreadful in the motion of this monster; it seemed to glide imperceptibly along in silent majesty. The birds who were rejoicing on the branches, now dropped their note, or faintly chirped as they endeavoured to fly; and the monkeys and squirrels with wild chatterings, fled to conceal themselves beneath the foliage.

Its fiery eye did not perceive me, or perceiving, bowed obedience to man, and left me in an universal tremble; no token, you will say, of courage, or my eminent superiority as lord of the creation.

All the charms of the grove had now lost their beauty, I cast my eye round with caution, and dared scarcely advance, lest I should stir up an enemy. As I penetrated deeper into the wood, I seemed to enter a region of enchantment, where a hundred noises assailed me on every side, none of which had ever before vibrated on my ear. Troops of monkeys bounded through the trees, with a hideous chattering, perhaps at this visit from a tame relation. Various unknown birds flew about, bedecked with a plumage glittering as the rainbow, or charmed the ear with sounds of melody. Snakes were become familiar to me; some lay folded and basking at the roots of trees,

trees, others wound round the branches, and some of glossy and burnished appearance, suspended themselves from the twigs in the air, and seemed to wanton on the breeze.

But of this latter, there was only at long spaces a faint breath. A burning heat, with a damp vapour, was alone sensibly felt, and these intermixing with the powerful perfumes, excited an almost irresistible inclination to sleep. The luscious fruits which hung in full perfection, allayed the thirst excited by the heat, and guiding myself as near as possible by the sun, I sustained my spirits in certain confidence of success.

On a sudden I heard the voice of a man, to me far more terrible than serpents or tygers. I slunk trembling into a brake, waiting to hear if I could distinguish any particular that might warn me to escape, or assure me of safety.—For a time I could hear nothing of the enemy. I feared, and for whom I was wholly unprovided, having with me no missile weapon of any description. I soon after heard the barking of a dog, and the laughter of children. Thus encouraged, I ventured to look out, and saw a naked savage dancing on a little spot of ground, with two children of a deep copper colour. I arose with intention to trust to his mercy, for man, said I to myself, is the same, whether black, brown, or white, he still has passions; the only danger to be feared is in opposing those passions; besides, hospitality is the first law of nature, and at all hazards death is only death,

and few are the things in this world, for which a wise man would desire to live.

I have often had occasion to observe, that the way to preserve life, is not to be over fearful of losing it; being prepared for the worst, every alternative is for the better, and we undertake dangers prudence would tremble at.

Thus fortified by reason, I ventured to advance, but the Hindoo had no sooner a glimpse of my colour, than as if a lion had rushed down his path, he uttered a howl, and catching his children in his arms began to fly. I called after him aloud, he looked round at the tone of distress; I lifted up my hands, I pointed to my wounds, though this appeal should have excited his joy, seeing they were received in butchering his countrymen; but his heart was not made of European materials, and seeing that I was unprovided with fire-arms, he turned round and held out his hand in token of peace.

I addressed him in the several languages I was master of, but he was ignorant of all except the Hindoo, and a little bad Arabic, serving merely to convey a general meaning, accompanied by signs. This was, however, sufficient for the purpose of benevolence, and seeing my exhausted situation, he conducted me into a deep hollow, where amidst almost impervious shades, *the modest mansion rose*. This place was an erection of fods, strengthened by branches of trees, which growing, became a living shelter.

A small

A small aperture served for door and window, an Indian mat for carpet and bed. Milk, melons, and cocoa nuts were set before me, by the female companion of his solitude, and knowing, that he who would ingratiate himself with the mother, must notice her offspring; I was particular in my caresses of these dingy children of heat:

A condescension so unusual from a white, gained upon them both, and all that the cottage afforded was at my command.—“You are separate here, my friend,” said I, “from the rest of your nation, do you hold no commerce with them?”

“Yes,” he replied; “I hold the commerce of friendship; I feed the wanderer when he strays from the desert, without asking his *cast*; I am content with my companion; we live on the productions of nature, and can man desire more?”

“Yes,” said I, “you live ignorant of a thousand luxuries, you know not the voluptuousness of poignant sauces.”

“Brama,” said he, “allows us not to destroy the life of any animal, and we are sufficiently provided with vegetables and fruits.” “Supposing it,” replied I, “you know nothing of the divine art of navigation which opens one country to another, and supplies the inhabitants of the frigid

frigid zone, with the luxurices of the temperate and torrid."—"Happy would it have been," said he, "if I had not known, nor even heard of this divine art, for I see nothing result from it but murder and oppression. If we built large ships like yourselves, and could traverse the vast ocean, would your people give us settlements in their country, and allow us to make contributions?"

"No," said I, "that would be contrary to the laws of nature and the rights of possession."

"Then," retorted he sharply, "you act contrary to the laws of nature and the rights of possession. You are at great pains to brave storms and distresses, that you may extort from us our property, and convert us into slaves, to till your rice, your poppies, and your cottons. We would willingly have traded with you, we would have given you our cottons, our gold, our diamonds, and our ivory.—"But," said I, "you would not have given us them for nothing, and the needy adventurers who came over here, have not principal sufficient to wait the profits of a fair barter."

"By that," said he, "I suppose, and from their actions, I judge, they are the vagabonds of your nation that come amongst us. I had heard of their cruelties, and not being willing to lose the liberty of commanding my own actions, (for I do not see how their being white gave them authority to force me to labour,) I for-
sook

took the pleasure of living with my relations, and with my companion buried myself in the woods."

Such were the sentiments of the simple Hindoo. I own I blushed for my countrymen, and the only excuse I could make, that they were a company of hungry merchants. "Of what avail," thought I, "is our boasted learning and knowledge? For what are all our researches, but to deal out slavery and death to those less learned than ourselves? Wonderful improvements, indeed!"

Before my Indian friend, I found myself considerably sunk in value, and had I then a companion like myself, I should have renounced society, and take up my abode with monies and serpents. Beneath the covert of the woods, I remained till my wounds were perfectly healed, experiencing the efficacy of cleanliness and nature, to restore the accidental damages of our fragile machine. Perhaps I should have formed a family alliance with the worshippers of Brama, and learnt to reverence the Pagoda of Seringham, had not my apprehensions of the fate of my family supported the fading desire of returning to England. I therefore first proposed a trial at escape, and should that be impossible, to sit down in peace beneath the banyan's shade, rather than again expose myself at an English settlement.

I fet

I set out in the design of traversing the immense wood, which had from the first harmony of chaos spread forth its branches, and I shed tears at parting with the man of nature, and his family; I left them sporting with their children on a little green, and had the satisfaction to hear their repeated good wishes in that accent of heart-felt affection, which more than words is convictive of the esteem we we possess.

Those who have never experienced, can little conceive the terrors of an eastern forest, far overbalancing the beauties of the flowers and the richness of the fruits. In the day, the silent serpent winds through the grass or darts from the trees, whilst the air is hot almost to suffocation. In the night, echo thunders with roarings, the meteors gleam through the air, and the under growl of lions and tigers, fix dismay in the stoutest heart, and carry terror to every other animal of the woods.

My only resource at night was to climb the trees in defiance of serpents, and noxious insects; the gnat was by night and day a perpetual torment, often nearly stimulating me to madness, by the irritation they created in the skin.

On the second day of my painful journey, I discovered the remains of an animal I judged to be a buffalo, from the largeness of the remaining bones, though they were broken and scattered about. I had fortunately only heard the
roarings

roarings of the lion and the howlings of the tyger, but I every moment expected to see them start from the gloom, and seize on me as their victim. Indeed I often met with their foot-steps, and in one place from the devastation of the trees and the torn up ground, I concluded there had been a combat with a rhinoceros or elephant.

No human being, nor the traces of their feet met my eye throughout the remainder of my solitary march, and whilst I beheld so immense a tract adorned with all the glories of luxuriant vegetation, I cursed in my heart that ambition, with which a name or paltry track of ground is sufficient reason to annihilate millions of human beings.

On the eighth day of my journey, my eyes were blessed with the prospect of the mighty deep. I stood for a time to gaze on it with ecstasy, and felt a rapture arising in my mind at the recollection of parents and friends, but this was quickly damped by not being able to descry either town or habitation. I sat down, gazing round with irresolution of purpose, for being ignorant of the latitude of Surat, near which I supposed myself, nor having any instrument to take an observation, I might wander without ever approaching nearer, or perhaps throw myself in the way of the army. Yet to sit down without an effort, and spend the rest of my life without purpose or benefit, was contrary to my nature, and I resolved at least

to make a trial to escape, by following in a northward direction along the banks of the ocean.

For some days I continued this plan, but the wood, the only source of my existence, ending in a barren flat, necessitated my return, changing my intention into the waiting the fortune of chance, which might conduct some vessel on shore, or within sight of signals.

In the life I seemed doomed to lead, there was little of variety; the next tree providing me subsistence, my whole range of amusement consisted in examining a thousand plants and flowers unknown in Europe. I now experienced the want of society; the hours passed away, it is true, but in their duration I was a prey to lassitude, and sighed for some object of action.

The equinox I knew must come upon me, but hoping as I did to leave the place, I wanted resolution to provide for it, and should doubtless have waited its fury, but for the restless spirit which impelled me to action. In obedience to this impulse, I began to erect a hut, with no other tool than a pocket knife, and found no small pleasure in observing its advancement.

The dread of lions and tigers wore away, and I experienced the folly of that common observation, which supposes that man in a state

state of nature is the creature of timidity. On the contrary, 'tis society renders us cowards, by leading us to trust in the support of others. But set a man where he knows himself cut off from foreign aid, where he must depend on his own resources, he instantly finds himself roused to defend, and that his superior sagacity is more than competent to overcome mechanical prowess.

Round the spot I had planned for my little habitation, I drew a line of *chevaux de frize*, formed of pointed stakes, so closely and compactly placed, that no animal of common size could have made an entrance. Thus I began to have a regular appearance. One day walking along the shore, I had the curiosity to pick up several shells that lay scattered about, they contained pearls of no little value, and as I never despaired of some day escaping, I concealed many of the finest in my clothes.

I had not been more than six weeks on the shore, weeks which to me had possessed the duration of months, and for aught I could perceive, I might here spend the remnant of my days, no vestige of man being near, or in fact, any object that could assure me the earth contained any human being besides myself.

One of those tremendous storms which threatened destruction to sinking nature, closed in the evening of a beautiful day. Rain and hail descended not in torrents, but in sheets, or as if the bursting clouds parted at once with their contents.

contents. The thunder seemed to shake the heavens, and vibrated through the forest without a moment's intermission, whilst the lightning of various colours, flashed and illumined the gloom, which enshrouded the earth with tenfold darkness. The heavens themselves appeared to open, and the last hour of resuscitation to be come, and trembling nature about to hear her doom. The greatest storms of Europe when compared with them, are a child's fire-work to the bursting of *Ætna*.

Trees, whose proud heads dashed and raked the bosom of the clouds, were shivered into atoms; the whole forest bent and waved like a field of corn. The sea arose above its shores in contending confusion, and its surges dashed with a sound awfully sublime, when intermixed with the jar of elements. The roaring of the lions and the howling of other beasts were sunk in the storm, and seemed rather the impulsion of fear, than the ferocity of courage.

Beneath the banyan tree I was safe from the lightning, and though drenched with rain, contemplated with reverence the grandeur of the hurricane in the elevation of its fury; thence, by a natural transition, raising my mind with wonder to the power of that Being, who could set the universe at war, hurl infinity of worlds against each other in confusion, and convert the harmony of the circling spheres into uproar, destroying all that breathes the breath of existence.

For

For three days the storm continued, almost without interruption, it then subsided, and I ventured towards the shore. Every step presented before me devastation, and I found my hut, wherein I had trusted as able to resist solstitial fury, scattered without a vestige remaining. I raised my eyes towards the ocean, and beheld with pleasure unspeakable, a vessel nearing the land, apparently under circumstances of distress. I retired to where I might see without being observed, waiting impatiently till she brought to, and sent a boat ashore.

Their habits convinced me they were Dutch, and now being no longer in fear, I advanced, accosting them in French—two of them happened to be well acquainted with that language.

I informed them I had been shipwrecked in a voyage to Mocka, had taken the dress of a common soldier who was drowned on the shore, and had remained on the spot near three years.

They agreed to take me on board, at the same time letting me understand, they were bound from Surat to Mocka for gums, and that the storm had driven them into this bay, which was that of Cambaya.

After loading the boat with fruits, we went on board, and having repeated the same story to the captain, he offered to land me safe at Mocka. I knew too well the character of the Batavians,
and

and indeed of mankind in general, to open to him the secret of my wealth, as I doubted not he would sacrifice his humanity to avarice, and probably land me in a desert to perish.

I had conceived the design of sailing up the Red Sea, traversing the famous Thebaic desert, and down the Nile to Alexandria. As my Batavian proceeded no higher than Mocka, and there were no vessels then in harbour, I was obliged to wait, and provide myself lodging with an old Arab, whose rapacity belied the character of Arabian hospitality. I parted with several of my pearls to provide myself an Arabian dress, and many other necessaries required in a voyage equally dangerous and tedious; in which more was to be apprehended from the inhabitants on shore, than the hazards of the sea, or the sunken beds of coral, from whose colour probably the sea took its name.

After a considerable present to the Shaik for his protection, I was allowed to remain at liberty, not being considered as worth particular notice, from my apparent poverty. In one of the common vessels that trade on the Red Sea, after many delays, I procured a passage under protection of my old host, for all who would make a voyage through this inhospitable region, must nominate some Arab as ghasir or protector, without which, in case of shipwreck, they would probably suffer murder as well as robbery.

The

The usual vicissitudes of weather attended our course, and when near shore, our senses were delighted with the spices wafted from Arabia Felix; but however I might be tempted to land, the barbarity of the inhabitants prevented me. The only place we touched at to procure some refreshment, was Gidda, where we took up two Mahometan pilgrims who had been at Mecca.

In the following night a smart gale of wind sprang up from the shore, which sent our pilots to prayers, instead of using their exertions, and the stars being obscured by clouds, I feared being driven on the Abyssinian coast; and ignorant as I was of navigation, I endeavoured to steer through the storm, and to inspire the sailors with some other spirit than superstition.

For two days we continued to drive, every hour expecting our creaking vessel would deliver us to the waves. We then came within sight of a shore, the captain asserted he knew to be a well known point within a few leagues of Suez, and therefore stood directly in; but the surges that broke over the beds of coral, soon convinced him of his mistake, a heavy squall at the same time fixed the fore-castle immoveably firm, whilst the stern was exposed to the beating of the waves.

In vain the Mahometans called on their prophet for safety, they were obliged to commit themselves to the waves, few reaching the shore.

shore. To me who was expert at swimming, and collected in my senses, the attainment of land was an easy matter; but when there, I knew not what reception I might experience, and fixing in my belt a brace of pistols and an Arabian dagger, I cast myself on the waves, shortly gaining the land, where not a single trace of vegetation was perceivable.

It was early in the morning when the air is exceeding keen, and I found those who escaped crouching to the sand, lamenting the wreck of the vessel. From useless regret we were quickly called to action, by the appearance of several Arabians armed with spears, and not knowing whether they came as enemies or friends, were obliged to prepare to receive them as either.

The Arabians mostly carry with them some destructive weapon, and therefore we found ourselves very well armed with pistols and daggers. Our little company which had trembled before at the blowing of the winds, drew itself up with admirable resolution, against a danger far more dreadful. This was merely the result of habit, for in those desert wilds where man is hunted by man, life is held on the tenure of a moment.

Seeing our resolution, and probably supposing persons in our circumstances could not have much plunder, they halted at a little distance, surveying us with attention. I considered, that
when

when resolution wavers, a trifle will occasion it to preponderate, and that much may be trusted to the generosity of man. I therefore threw down my arms, and advanced with one hand stretched out, the other touching my forehead, pronouncing at the same time aloud, "*Salam alicum.*"

A venerable Arab with a spear in his hand, and double armed, advanced to meet me, with the salute of "*Alicum Salam,*" an assurance that peace was between us, and that I might claim the rights of hospitality.

"And you are also bound," said I, "to protect these my companions through the desert; will you swear that no harm shall come upon them?"—"As to that," said he, "my profession is war, and those who are with us, must partake in its chances. I am going to return through the wilderness of Thebes into lower Egypt, and if your route be that way, you must partake the hazard of warfare."

This was not the route of the sailors, and as they feared to trust an Arab of the desert, they agreed rather to endure the chances of famine, nor could I persuade any but one Turk to trust himself with the robbers.

The behaviour of the seamen irritated the chief of the band, and I had some difficulty in persuading him to suffer their obstinacy to be its

its own reward ; but no entreaties could prevail with him to spare the wreck, which was by this time divided, and great part washed ashore.

All that was portable his followers laded up on camels, and by the time the sun cast *no shadow* on the plains, we were ready to march over a track of rocky and uneven ground.

CHAP. IV.

In vain ye hope the green delights to know,
Which plains more blest or verdant vales bestow;
Here rocks alone, and tasteless sands are found,
And faint and sickly winds for ever howl around.

* * * *

O cease my fears ! all frantic as I go,
When thought creates unnumber'd scenes of woe.
What if the lion in his rage I meet !—
Oft in the dust I view his printed feet.

COLLINS.

I CONSIDERED myself as now launching out into a new sphere of existence, being thrown amongst the truly savage sons of men, with whom no law, save force, was acknowledged ; I considered

considered that I should now see him, when every passion had sway, and his desires only repressed by gratification.

During our painful march, which by no means excited pleasurable ideas of what was to be endured in traversing the burning sands, I had occasion to observe the firmness of their courage, and the undaunted air, so strongly delineated on their features, the consequences of an independent life. Towards evening we turned round a sharp projection of rocks, and found ourselves in a regular camp, where we were received with congratulations, and the faith, which was never known to be violated by a robber, pledged to us. I endeavoured to attach myself to the chief, by opening to him ideas he was utterly ignorant of, and happily for me, he was a man of curiosity and uncommon liberality of sentiment.

A young camel was killed, as a kind of feast before we began our march, and brandy was given round in plenty, as we sat upon the sands. The meat was seasoned with spices to a degree of ex-coriation; and when I considered the vast quantity of pepper and brandy they consumed, with the fiery atmosphere they inhaled, I could not wonder at the heat of their temper, or that their natural passions partook of madness. In fact, the animal spirits, in those climates, are in constant fermentation, unknown in the temperate air of Europe; and though we do not call them children of the sun, they merit the name of children of fire.

In the morning our tents were struck, and, together with the baggage, and a large provision of water in skins, mounted on the patient camel. The whole band, to the sound of songs, began to move forward, and no care seemed to cloud them from the past, or what might be yet to come. Mirth and jests were bandied from one to another, and an unacquainted spectator would hardly have supposed so careless a troop was about to traverse the burning desert, and give themselves up to all the inconveniences and dangers attending so dismal a march.

For many leagues our way wound amongst mountains of garnet, vast columns of which were scattered in various forms, and scattered over the vallies, appearing like the ruins of some magnificent city. Amongst these we halted at night; and our scouts bringing word that they had discovered traces of camels' feet lately formed, being those of a wandering band more numerous than themselves, it was agreed to remain here for some days, till they should have passed beyond danger of our overtaking them: those robbers always avoiding any troops on the same expedition, if superior in numbers. Their sagacity in discovering the number, and time they have been on the spot, is only equalled by the American Indians, who will trace an enemy through vallies and over mountains by his scent, or the pressure on the sword.

The tents were accordingly pitched, and as a mark of favour, my station was appointed near that of the captain. The mountains where the Cushites

Cushites first inhabited after the flood, lay on our right hand; being fearful of another deluge, if they ventured to build in the plain, they excavated the mountains like the cells of a honeycomb, in which a whole nation resided.

My curiosity to see so wonderful a monument of antiquity, led me to prevail on the Shaik or Captain to accompany me, with thirty of his men, to view so extraordinary a performance, which remains a testimony of some great revolution in nature; though that the whole earth should at once be emerged in a deluge, is physically impossible.

A few miserable wretches, who live on plunder, and the flesh of camels cut and dried in the sun, at this day exist in these subterranean chambers, many of which are both curiously carved, and spacious enough to contain a whole village. Having satisfied ourselves, going from one chamber to another, we mounted our camels, and descended into a deep valley, surrounded by immense rocks of garnet of various colours, acting as lens in collecting the rays of the sun, rendering respiration scarcely possible, though a gentle current of air was drawn along the centre of the valley.

We had not advanced far, when one of the Arabs distinguished the top of a tent, with a streamer flying, behind a pile of rocks. Before we could determine on the necessary measures, several men appeared armed, filing out to meet us.

In a moment the robbers were prepared, seeing we must engage ; lightning appeared to flash from their eyes, their nostrils were inflated, their whole visage became a tempest of fury, and they ran to the attack. The enemy were drawn out in greater number, but we had the superiority in arms, and by a judicious manœuvre, the captain shewed himself not unskilled in command.

The irregularity of the scattered rocks affording places of concealment for an army, he detached ten of his men, commanding them to remain unobserved, till, by a feigned flight, he should have drawn the enemy beyond succour from their camp, they were then to take them in flank and give no quarter.

I kept my station beside Ab Ulmer, the captain, resolving to exert myself to the utmost ; for now it was not an affair of injustice, but tyrant against tyrant ; and my only chance of retaining the affections of my protectors, was by a display of courage equal to their own.

Ab Ulmer knew the advantage of riding up to the charge. Our pistols were discharged in each others faces, our spears were hurled in the air, and our sabres drawn in an instant. On our part, though we maintained the battle with vigour, we gradually retreated to beyond the ambuscade, which at the signal rushed out, and took them behind ; at the same time we uttered a tremendous shout, and re-nerving our arms, redoubled our exertions. The enemy continued

nued firm and undismayed, fighting with the obstinacy of tigers, who disdain to yield whilst breath remains in them, though bleeding under a thousand wounds.

Notwithstanding this resistance, we began to press upon them, when in our turn we began to fear, near twenty more advancing from the camp at full speed. "Fly, Hanson," cried Ab. Ulmer; "take two with you, turn yonder projection, and attempt to burn their camp, or we shall be lost." I hastened without losing a moment; and notwithstanding the burning heat, and violent thirst, occasioned by clouds of dust and the exertion of fighting, together with the painful irritation of the dust rankling in our wounds, I urged forward, with the two Arabs, whose countenances were stained with blood, and had the fury of hounds devouring their prey.

We entered the camp, it being left under the care of only three men and two boys, who guarded the pass. Two of the men were instantly cut to pieces, and a fire burning on the ground, for the purpose of roasting food, the tents were instantly in a blaze.

The cries of women were heard from one of the largest, already on fire. I hastened in to rescue them; but my eyes were shocked with a sight more dreadful than imagination can conceive. Two young females, beautiful as the virgins of Georgia, were weltering on the ground, whilst

streams of blood poured from the wounds they had given themselves. An elderly woman of most magnificent mein, lay stretched beside them, in all appearance dead. One of the Arabs, perceiving she yet had life, placed one foot on her bosom, and raised his scymeter to cut off her head, but catching his arm, I turned aside the blow. He instantly endeavoured to turn the weapon upon me, but avoiding the stroke, I plunged my sabre through his throat, and brought him down without a groan.

The lady, who was pompously arrayed in fine muslin and jewels, I dragged out of the tent; but before I could return to save her daughters, the whole was an entire blaze of fire, and they were smothered in the flames. The whole camp was now kindled, and it was with difficulty we could carry to a distance some of the valuable baggage, in which we were helped by the Arab and the two boys.

Meanwhile, those engaged in the battle, seeing their tents burning, and not knowing the numbers who were thus employed, flagged all at once, suffering themselves to be cut down almost without resistance, which they were to a man.

The shout of victory ! victory ! assailed our ears : but we had little to boast, only twelve remaining on our side, and these badly wounded, the captain especially, who had then the head of a spear sticking in his arm. Water was the
general

general cry ; for beneath a vertical sun, water is more inestimable than wine. A new cry now arose, and in a tumultuous manner they demanded my life, for having killed one of their companions. I instantly saw the greatness of the danger I was exposed to, and swearing by Mahomet, I would chine the first who raised his hand against me, I waved my sabre, dyed with gore, and rushed through them to Ab Ulmer.

“ Did not you promise,” cried I, “ on your oath that none of your people should offer me violence in the desert ? Did you not swear, May God do so to me, and more also, if I or mine touch a hair of thy head in injury.

“ Truly, I did,” said he ; “ and I here again repeat that promise to thee ; for the victory of this day is thine.”

“ He has slain an Arab,” cried they, “ and we demand blood for blood.”

“ I have,” cried I, “ miscreants, I am ready to repeat it. Who are you, that think to bravo ? That man was slain in my own defence. I swear by the tombs of your fathers, that he raised his sword against me ; and I swear also, I will not die tamely like a camel, but with the fury of a lion.”

"Bravo ! my friend," cried the Shaik, advancing to embrace me, "there shall not an hair of thine head be touched, whilst Ab Ulmer hath power to poise a lance."

A blood-thirsty fellow, of masculine make, advanced before his fellows. "Boaster," cried he, "the man thou hast slain was my friend. I demand justice according to our law. I dare thee to the combat ; come on, and the field be the victor's."

Though those people are dextrous at the broad-sword, they have no knowledge of fencing or the cool art of defence, in which I knew myself practised. I therefore stepped up to him ; "And now," cried I, "see what this knave can perform ; he cannot so much as hit me with all his vaunts."

He bore down upon me with fury ; by the weight of his blows often nearly striking down my guard, but my sword being well tempered stood the shock ; and having exercised himself out of breath, I began to advance in my turn, and taking him over the sword arm, made myself master of his weapon, to the astonishment of the Arabs, who now allowed I was a brave fellow, and voluntarily took an oath to bury every animosity.

Having thus settled this disagreeable affair, and stanchd our wounds, the plunder became the next object of attention. It was exceedingly

ingly rich, consisting of many shawls, which singly were valued at four hundred sequins; with bars and ingots of gold. As the chief commanded that a portion should be set aside for me, and I perceived it was not agreeable to the company, who considered me as an interloper, and had underneath threatened destruction to the lady I had rescued, I thought it wisest to avoid further altercation, and at the same time do an office of humanity.

I waited, however, till my division was set apart, then desiring they would attend, I began: "You say well that I am a stranger amongst you; and to shew you that a stranger can possess more spirit than you who traverse the desert, I now stand up amongst you. I am a man, whose country is the world, and whose friends are all who wear the image of man; as such you cannot condemn my clemency in preserving this unfortunate woman, who I shall claim as mine; and those paltry goods you have set aside as my share of the prize, I intend to divide, not partially between you who have fought, but between the whole community, as a testimony of friendship."

This disinterestedness conciliated the most refractory, and the lady was willingly delivered to my care. She was overwhelmed with sorrow, preserving an uninterrupted silence during the course of our march to the camp. I learnt from one of the boys we had taken, that she was the wife of the chief; and that those two young women, who had perished rather than suffer the

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violation of the conquerors, were her daughters. They also informed me she was not an Arab, having been taken prisoner in a little caravan in Lower Egypt.

As this was a matter of trifling importance, I turned my attention to comfort her, but could only draw from her expressions of gratitude at my kindness, and a bequest, made with peculiar solemnity.

“I feel,” said she, “that the fountain of my life begins to fail, and that my days are numbered. They have long been written in characters of sorrow, and joy has been a stranger to my heart: but this last shock, which hath destroyed me in so cruel a manner, in bereaving me of my children, hath brought my terrene existence to a narrow span. I possess yet some degree of wealth, and some trinkets of no value, but as pledges of the dearest and tenderest affection; all these I deliver to you, and for my sake never part willingly from the bracelets and necklace you will find in this casket.”

At these words she delivered into my hands a casket of curious eastern workmanship; and lying down upon the couch, desired I would suffer her to remain a short time alone. I went out at the door of my tent, unable to reply, and sat down upon the ground. It was midnight, and the stars glittered with peculiar brightness. I gazed round on the stillness of nature, and sighed at the sorrow constantly the companion
of

of man. The sons of rapine were at rest, not a breath floated on the atmosphere, and I gave loose to that melancholy dejection of spirits which regards existence with indifference.

Why, thought I, do I toil for a phantom? Why cross deserts and seas, to find out relations who perhaps are inclosed in the depths of the grave? Of what consequence is life to me, who have no purpose of enjoyment, and whose soul is sickened at the universal folly of man? Why not take flight from life, and either sink into eternal non-entity, or arise to ethereal and purified being? This dross which I hold in my hands, has perhaps been death to many, has been procured by the panting miner, who breathes a hundred fathom deep in the earth, and drudges through a miserable life. But, alas! were I to enumerate the list of affinitive curses it has produced, I must detail the history of man. Go then, cried I, forgetting my situation, begone, pest of society, and leave us to herbs and babbling streams.

In compliance with this fally of imagination I dashed the casket to the ground, and for some time sat bewildered in reflection. The tender recollection of relationship again came before me, and personal suffering sunk away. I took up the casket, and concealing it beneath my dress, looked round, over the vast and immeasurable prospect, where no sustenance that could support the life of any thing breathing was to be found. Yet in this almost boundless track, where millions had room to pass, a hundred

dred people could not meet without cutting each other in pieces, for the honour of human nature; a strong exhibition of our superior sense above the brutes and beasts of the earth.

I passed several hours exposed to the damps of night; and supposing the lady by this time asleep, I entered softly. She lay upon the couch, the lamp burned beside her, and on the ground stood a small phial empty. I began to fear she had put an end to her sorrows, and advancing, listened in vain to hear her breathe. I took her hand, it was cold: I sat down beside her, with a horror only to be felt; it was not indeed at the action, but at the despair of soul which must have preceded. I took up the phial, it was drained to the bottom, or I myself should have made trial of its efficacy, for a time debating on the consistency of following her; before I could come to any resolution, I fell asleep, and fancied myself in England, where I enjoyed, aside our cottage fire, those social sports my sisters and Theodore used to partake.

I was awakened by the Arabs coming to strike my tent, the order being given to march: and no one troubling himself to enquire into the death of the stranger, a hasty grave was dug in the sands, at my intreaty, where she was interred.

This day's march was extremely painful to all who were wounded; but as our provision of rice was low, there was a necessity for our not
delaying

delaying by the way. We usually rested an hour in the heat of the day, to drink coffee, which the Arabians do without either milk or sugar.

The human species, in this part of the world, may be said to be placed in a hot bed, the females attaining maturity so early, that they supply the harams at twelve and thirteen, when they are in full bloom, becoming old, with every mark of decayed nature at little more than twenty. Beneath some palm-trees, which grew out of the ruins near Syene, I perceived a young Arabian woman given suck to an infant; I presented her some spice, and enquiring her age, found she was a few months turned of eleven.

On the evening of this day we pitched our tents beneath a grove of doom-trees, which afforded an agreeable freshness, though their fruit was not valuable; we had, however, dates and wine, with cakes of rice, few nations out of Europe making regular repasts of meat.

The vast ocean of sand now lay before us. The robbers took particular care to furnish a stock of water; a supply of cakes was baked, ground into powder, and packed up in bags. This powder was afterwards mixed with brandy, water and spice, being the only food, besides coffee, on which we subsisted. This method of preparing it before hand, was for the convenience of carriage, and the impossibility of procuring

curing fire, where neither shrub nor blade of grass could vegetate.

Our cattle, on the morning of our departure, took more than their usual time to drink, as if conscious they had to undergo a long fast; and the Arabs themselves appeared melancholy, moving about in silence. I could not but remark the contrast of their behaviour now, to the mirth and jollity of our first removal, which could only be ascribed to the shortness of the trip, and paucity of danger.

The slightest wind agitated the sand, already calcined to powder by the action of heat. The trampling of our camels involved us in clouds, sometimes nearly suspending the powers of respiration. The eye sought in vain for relief from the universal glare, and no situation can be thought on, more unpleasant: the tongue cleaved to the roof of the mouth with thirst, and we were necessitated, from time to time, to take a mouthful of water, retaining it unswallowed to allay the burning flame.

On the second day I experienced that deception of sight, remarked by travellers, and which I conceive arises from the rarefaction of air and the action of so vast a body of light on the optic nerve. My companions, when at the distance of a hundred yards, appearing encreased to the height of a tower, and their camels enlarged to the dimensions of an elephant. The eye which for a time contemplates the sun, turns away, filled

filled with flying clouds and globules of light ; so here, surrounded by no object, but extended sterility and a cloudless sky, on the extent of horizon the sight pourtrayed castles, houses, and mountains, that, like *ignis fatuus*, were chased in vain.

On the evening of the 20th day, whilst the sun was yet high in the heavens, we were astonished with a prodigy inconceivably grand, and such as not even the robbers had before witnessed. A keen wind sprang up, and blowing from north to south, carried columns of sand between us and the sun, which being tinged with its rays, and in some places, as it were, transparent, took the exact resemblance of an immense wall of fire floating through the air. The interstices through which the sun shone, added to the awful magnificence of the scene, the flames appearing to burst and sparkle from piles of red-hot sand.

The Arabians prostrated themselves with trembling, whilst I stood lost in the sublime object, which continued to pass before us, and which, had it approached, would in a moment have buried us in its bosom. The soul was lost in the consciousness of its own insignificance, and in solemn silence beheld the terrible beauty and majesty of the phenomenon. Some particles of sand came near us, and I could distinguish that the whole body was not of partial thickness, but was hurled in confusion, or rather spread between us and the sun like a mist.

The

The regular appearance was quickly changed by the encrease of the wind, which raised the sand in chaotic confusion, took the form of mountains, and every figure fancy could trace, appearing like a vast country of fire, or the regions of Pandemonium.

The impression so sublime a scene made on my mind has never been effaced, and more strongly impressed upon me the certainty of an infinite Creator, than all the declamations of priests and philosophers.

When this astonishing and stupendous phenomenon had passed, the tents were taken from the camels, it being agreed to go no farther that night, superstition having, as it were, fixed the Arabs to the spot. But when we came to examine our water, a more serious and just alarm took place. By some accident the vessels had leaked nearly half their contents, so that we must either strike eastward deeper into the desert, to some wells within reach, whilst our flock held out, or continue in long marches, at half allowance to some wells we should find in a valley.

Most were for the first proposal, as no situation is more dreadful than the want of water in a country of flame; but Ab Ulmer represented so strikingly the hardships of going deeper into the desert, the delay it would occasion, and that the supply we could then carry from these distant springs would barely equal the march before

fore us, that it was agreed to advance early in the morning, to lie by in the excessive heat, and travel through the night.

According to this plan we continued several days, during which the violent fatigue I suffered threw me into a fever, adding, if possible, to an insatiate and tormenting drought. My whole body seemed parched, and to have lost its radical moisture; the skin literally peeled off my face and hands. Thus, blinded with dust, I continued to ride forward in a state of torture. The poor Turk, who, as well as myself, suffered under so unusual a situation, applied himself to opium and brandy, which threw him into a temporary stupor, but acting as a violent stimulant, he became raving mad, and after several attempts to destroy himself, being only prevented by confining his hands: he died the second day, a deplorable object of pity.

On the following day, we beheld a spectacle that could give no sensations of pleasure to persons in our situation, but sunk our hopes considerably; it was the skeletons of several men and camels, who had fallen down in this inhospitable waste; beside them lay several heavy articles of baggage the wind had not yet scattered; but even the rapacity of the robbers was gone, their spirits drooping like the herbs of the field when deprived of moisture. Besides, not knowing how soon we ourselves might be under the same circumstances, it was useless to add to the burdens of the panting camels.

It

It is the little accidents of life that particularly touch us, and under striking circumstances. Thus the bones of a few miserable travellers, in the baren wilderness, excited compassion and dismay in the bosom of men whose trade was murder, and whose subsistence was plunder. We proceeded slowly forward during the rest of that and the following day, but the succeeding, which saw our water drained to the last drop, impressed upon us the deepest melancholy. To augment our distress the camels began to flag, two of those that carried bales actually sunk down and expired.

We proceeded forward in the deepest silence, and to ease the camels, were obliged to dismount, and traverse sands which scorched the foot, and burnt the sandals from the feet. Some began to talk of lying down and dying; and seeing that now was the time to rise above human suffering, I exerted myself, though labouring under accumulated diseases, encouraging them to proceed. The Arabs knew we were within half a day's march of the wells, but at the rate we went, we might as well have been distant a week; nor could arguments be urged to the camels, one after another lying down, with their burdens, and the masters sat down beside them.

A general halt was now called, and subordination having ceased, I demanded to be heard. "What," cried I, "men of Arabia, is this the spirit so much boasted of in the four quarters of the world? this your endurance of hardship, that
you

you will sit down on the sands, and die of thirst with your hands before you, when the fountains of life invite you to drink? For my part, tho' I value life as little as any of you, I will not die without a struggle. Come on then, you who have spirit, let us drive forward and procure water, or drop down in the attempt."

Half a dozen were roused from their lethargy, we took each one of the youngest and most able camels, and advanced forward, leaving all our baggage behind. After three hours riding, a perceptible freshness was distinguishable in the air; the camels snuffed at the gale, advancing on a half trot, so great is their sagacity, that they will discover water at the distance of several leagues.

In two hours more, the eye could distinguish no object of satisfaction, but we shortly after came up to a vale, sunk from the level of the surface, and concealed till we were close upon it. It did not perhaps possess the beauties of Tempe, but for fragrance no spot in the universe could excel it. Wild thyme, frankincense, and rosemary, covered the whole place, interspersed with odoriferous shrubs, but these were not the first objects of our attention, each hastening to the wells, from whence a transparent stream overflowed, winding its course beneath a grove of date and palm trees.

It was necessary to restrain our ardour, by first washing ourselves, and retaining for a time
a quantity

a quantity of water in the mouth, before we ventured to drink. Our camels kneeled down to the springs, as if to return thanks for their deliverance, but whilst we refreshed ourselves, we did not forget those who were panting in the desert.

We were received on our return as the messengers of life, and on some who were far gone, we were obliged to sprinkle the water a little at a time, by which means, and the refreshment thus created in the air, only one remained unrecoverable, and was left in the desert.

By the light of the stars we continued our way to the vale where the tents were pitched, and mirth once more abounded; for like the sailor whose life is bandied on the points of uncertainty, those robbers enjoyed existence as it passed, the hardships escaped serving to give zest to the present safety: besides we were now over the most dismal part of the desert, and the recollection of their wives and children could not but be pleasing.

I also reflected that the chief obstacles to my return were surmounted, and partook in the general satisfaction. After remaining in this valley some days, we again set forward, arriving after a long series of difficulties, at a large encampment, from whence could be seen one of the famous pyramids.

My

My journey not being undertaken from motives of curiosity, I scarcely noticed them, but being furnished with a guide, I took leave of the robbers, who generously insisted that as the lady was my prize, and I behaved in a way they termed gallant, all the jewels on her dress should remain to me.—Thus I was advanced to fortune beyond my expectation, and enabled to keep untouched, the casket which I have never yet had an opportunity to open, being involved in all the bustle of travelling, and exposed to the observation of strangers.

“ I thank thee,” my friend, said Shechem, “ but if thou wilt indulge us a little further, the obligation will be complete, there are some circumstances relating to the lady you mentioned, I would fain be resolved in, and particularly her bequest of the casket.”

“ I understand,” said Hanson, “ there are no two persons on earth whom I would wish more to oblige.” He glanced a look of expression at Eve, who had attended to all his dangers, and whose cheek flushed at some of his heroic descriptions—then rising, he hastened to bring the precious donation.

The first object was a pair of bracelets set with brilliants, and containing two miniature pictures in the Armenian dress, both young, and with that expressive vivacity so characteristic of the East.

“ I am

"I am satisfied," said Shechem, "this was the present I gave my wife on the day of our espousals; I feared she had been murdered by those robbers who tore her from my arms, and stabbed her in my sight.—Take away, my friend, relics I cannot behold with pleasure, this world is the dominion of evil; but now I am satisfied, since I know her fate, though it was terrible.

Age had in Shechem reduced the fine edge of feeling, or rather enabled him to conceal his grief from common observation. His sorrow was of that secret nature, which is felt but not shewn; and having indulged thought for a time, he dried up the tears of his daughter, leaving Hanson to entertain her, whilst he went on some business into the city.

CHAP.

CHAP. V.

Again the bark approaches land,
Again it nears the shore;
But dash'd upon a faithless strand,
It sinks, to rise no more.

THE various modes of life and habits of men Hanson had witnessed in his circumambulation, took from him every appearance of constraint, and he subscribed without difficulty to the ways of Shechem. He was a *man of the earth*, one who regarded the various follies of his species as trifles; he considered the Jew, the Christian, and the Infidel as standing on a level.

His travels had given him a taste for the sombrous shade of feature, and from the time he first saw Eve, he fancied she possessed the charms of Asiatic beauty, with the more permanent quality of duration. Her religion was no consideration. He would not have scrupled becoming a disciple of Moses, to the traduction of that form of faith in which he had been sedulously instructed.

Yet

Yet before he gave way to the passion which had touched him, duty led him to enquire out his relations, and institute a scrutiny after the lost Eliza. In this point all his endeavours were exerted without success, with so much care had she eluded those, whose sight would have wounded her to the heart, that love, friendship, and fraternity sought in vain.

His company, by supplying the absence of Theodore, was pleasing to Shechem, who loved to listen to his Eastern descriptions, and retraced those places where much of his youth had been spent. Hanson in turn made no scruple in accepting a chamber in the house of the Jew, as it furnished innumerable opportunities of performing those little attentions that win the heart of the fair: for love, like many other passions, is the child of society.

Edward, who so long had balanced between love and prejudice, and had, under what he fancied *disinterested friendship*, promoted the interests of the younger Miss Hansons; now, when her brother was returned: Nabob in wealth, though not in character, began to fear some other, less scrupulous about the world's opinion than himself, would carry from him a woman he might in vain endeavour to equal. He therefore overcame the pride of blood, and her brother bestowing on her a competent settlement, Sophia was married to another branch of the Imperial Cyphon's.

It

It was not possible that Eve, who had experienced the tender passion, could mistake its actuation in Hanson; but she did not yet find herself disposed to encourage him, though his virtues and generosity commanded her esteem.

The fate of Theodore yet hung in suspense. The man who had served her honour, and perhaps her life, who had first impressed on her heart the universal impulsion of nature, and refined sensation, was under circumstances of fearful doubt; and whilst her heart was weaned from him, in the conviction of the impossibility of attainment, it could not readily adopt another in his place, whose qualities, though great, were not parallel.

A lawyer of note had been sent to Squire Cyphon, with a mandate of threatened prosecution on the part of a brother, unless he produced Eliza; but the tyrant, confident in his measures, declared he could bring witnesses of the death of that brother, and that therefore he who now assumed the name must be an impostor. He was, however, far from being easy in his own mind, though he could not possibly account for such a return, and sought, in augmented precaution, to obviate the unknown danger jealousy portrayed as hanging over him.

It is not easy to imagine a state more miserable than his. Under every dark suggestion of

an evil mind, and the knowledge of repeated crimes, the phantom of power and honour he had pursued, ever eluded his grasp; he found that mankind would not tamely endure oppression, he knew himself the object of inveterate hatred, and had the consolation ever before him, that no eye would weep at his death, and that those who beheld him, though menials in his service, would gladly have attended him to the grave. The estate of his brother, the occasion of all his domestic domination, and the object of every hour's concern, he saw thrown into Chancery by another claimant, and the grey hairs which reminded him of mortality, informed him also, that in that Court he should never see the issue. He seemed to stand blasted among mankind, and found the want of that son to smooth his declining days, whom he had doomed to suffer the most excruciating distresses the feelings of man can endure. The high reward he now held out, was not so much to avenge his brother's death, as to prevent the odium of public justice. And his design was, if he could not prevail on Theodore, to bow to his will, under a statute of madness to shut him up for life.

His constitution was fretted at his continual disappointments, and three of the most active thief-takers, like the well trained blood hounds, ranged through the nation in his pay. The barefoot cottager in scant attire was seldom seen on his estate, the whole train of poverty being banished, and monopolizers placed in their room.

room. Farmers more like independent gentlemen, than the simple inhabitants of the field, vied in luxury with the landholder over them. Such is too frequently the barbarous policy of land-owners, who forget that tacit convention alone keeps them in possession, and that the earth was created for man.

One day when Hanson was conversing with Eve, and painting to her imagination the pleasures of connubial felicity, a man of shabby appearance rapped at the door, and desired to speak to Shechem Bensadi. "Who do you come from?" demanded Rebekah. "My business," replied the man, "is with Mr. Bensadi, or his daughter." Eve, who heard, and supposed it related to some petition, descended, and desired he would walk into the audience chamber, where he might deliver his message.

"And you, Ma'am," said he, "are positively the daughter of Bensadi, the Jew?"—"I am, I may venture to say. But why so particular?"—"Because Ma'am, the gentleman bade me be special careful to speak to none but you or your father, as it is a business of importance." "From whom then do you come?"—"That paper," replied he, "will inform you." The gentleman has also sent a note, he desired should be given me as a reward, in case I delivered my message faithfully.

The note was for five pounds, drawn by Theodore Cyphon. "Theodore!" exclaimed Eve, "where is he, is he well?"

—"He is not very well, indeed Miss," said the man, "and you look so very ill, I am afraid to say where he is."

"Alas!" cried Eve, "is he apprehended? tell me, tell me, is he in prison?" "He is," replied the stranger, hesitating, "he is in—jail; but no doubt if he knew how much he was pitied by so fine a lady, he would not take on as he does."

Eve, too much distressed to attend to the compliment, desired the stranger to walk down stairs, till her father came home; mean while, with the packet of papers he had brought, she ascended to Hanson. He was alarmed at the sudden alteration in her countenance, and having procured some hartshorn drops, he endeavoured to prepare her for the contents of a paper, he doubted not would unfold many sufferings; anticipating with grief the fate of his friend, and inwardly vowing revenge on the author of so many calamities.

By the time her father returned, the attentive kindness of Hanson, and her own active reason, in a degree quieted her apprehensions, and hope, the seducing friend of man, again smiled upon her. The eyes of Shechem were too weak to suspend the ready tear, at the account of Theodore's imprisonment. He proposed on his part to exert all the force of law, bribery, and interest, against parental prosecution, and having *duly honoured* the note, he sat down with a sigh, to attend the continuation of a narrative, which it was the task of Hanson to read.

THE SEQUEL OF THE CONFESSIONS OF
THEODORE CYPHON.

IGNORANCE to man is oftentimes more beneficial than knowledge, and the mind, unconscious of distant evil, rests secure till it is brought home, but having unbosomed to you the troubles that destroyed me, the malignancy which pursued me, and the crimes which were suspended in fearful array over me, I again bring before you the unhappy being you called your friend; and find, amidst the darkness of the gulf down which I am precipitated, some gleams of satisfaction, in reflecting that you will commiserate, and your daughter shed a tear of pity at my fate.

Wretchedness hath selected me as her darling, nurtured me in affliction, and provided for me in the dungeons of infamy; but I will collect my scattered intellect, to arrange what perhaps will not reach you till I no longer mourn on the bounds of existence. This confession will give amusement to hours otherwise a prey to the madness of retrospection, or the inanity of a common cell, from whence I write.

Having determined to abandon the hospitable asylum of your house, and the fascinating company of your daughter, it was immaterial into what part of society I plunged, since to me all were equally dangerous. I reflected, however,

that the ardour of pursuit must have evaporated in disappointment, and that a common degree of caution might suffice. Mere seclusion would have been easy, your bounty taking from me the necessity of exposure in obtaining subsistence; but I had long weighed the worth of life in a balance, and found it wanting. My soul, which had so combined with its very existence the possession of Eliza, found without her, existence a burthen. If I turned my eyes round over the whole face of creation, I saw not one object of enticement; for in the whole circumvolution of the earth, oppression and evil sat enthroned, I therefore proposed, as the sole end of my existence, to traverse the island in search of Eliza, and if unsuccessful, to end the pursuit only with my life.

The common business of men was to me insignificant; their toils and labours appeared the extremes of folly. I passed by the wharfs and warehouses, I smiled to see them sweating under burthens, rolling large casks before them, and marching about with importance. I proceeded to the Tower, where I saw some dressed in scarlet and white, turning to the right and the left, like a machine, and these also had an air of importance. I proceeded through the streets of shops, some were measuring, some weighing tobacco, and some sitting behind their counters with an air of importance; some were sweeping the streets, and others whirling over them in carriages, but I saw nothing

thing in this bustle that could fix my attention, or elevate my ideas of humanity.

I purchased a sailor's dress at a clothes' shop, under that character venturing to pass the day in the streets, not having sufficiently considered from what point to commence my search. Night came on whilst I was yet irresolute. I had insensibly walked on to London bridge, where I sat down to reflect. The solemn motion of the water-works lulled me into a reverie, from whence I was roused by a smart stroke on the shoulder, and a voice bawling out—"What cheer, my hearty?"—I started up at seeing myself surrounded by several ill-looking seamen, with bludgeons, and demanded their business. "That's soon settled, my lad," cried one, "come, hoist your main-sheet, and let us bear down on the enemies of King George. "Not so fast, my good friend," said I, "I am not willing to fight, therefore quit your hold and let me go."

"D—n your gossip," said a grim looking fellow, throwing a quid of tobacco in my face. "You'r a lubber, are ye; dash my dead lights but you shall have a salt eel for supper—tow him along, Jack."

It was in vain I told them I did not chose to fight, that I was a Briton, and protected by laws, that did not allow my being dragged away like a slave from the coasts of Africa. They laughed at my jabber, as they called it.

and hurried me on board a tender. I was there chained in a hold, amongst men whose minds were as low as their situation, and whose round of conversation consisted in epithets and ribaldry. And these, said I, mentally, as I looked over the motley group are the brave British tars who echo thunder on the bosom of the deep. I was at a loss to discover what stimulus could impel to actions so great, since every sense of honour, and the dignity of man, seemed totally eradicated; but whilst I turned those thoughts in my mind, I heard a shouting on different parts of the deck, and a cry of "grog—here, you Tom, fill my can. D—n it, this is stiff."

No longer at a loss to find out the real *spirit* of bravery, my thoughts adverted to extricating myself from amongst them. I concealed with particular care the sums I had about me, next my person, not knowing how soon I might be obliged to part from my outward apparel. I had witnessed so much of man, invested with petty authority, that I knew nothing was to be expected from the inferior officers but insolence. Prudence taught me to conform to their humour, until chance might bring me before those who had real authority, or furnish an opportunity of flight.

As I was silent to the execrations of the seamen, and behaved with calmness, I was liberated from the irons, and sent down to a frigate lying off Chatham. I here entered on an employment I loathed, not so much from

from its labour, as the vile company with which I had associated. I had read in poems of Arcadian pleasures and rural delights, but I had ever found in the country excessive labour and meanness of sentiment. So I had also read of the noble soul of a sailor, his generosity, and benevolence; but I found a ship an epitome of the world, where oppression descended in regular gradation, and boys in blue and white domineered over men who had circumnavigated the globe. There was, it is true, a spirit of carelessness, but it was only from example, and that loss of reflection which had sunk the mind from every pursuit, save the one before it.

Having completed our complement of men, we dropped down to the Nore, there lying by for the Captain. The vessel being close up to Sheerness, it did not appear impossible to make the shore in the night, especially for me, who had been inured to encounter danger in shades.

It was my turn to watch, and the night being favourable, I slipped silently to the stern, the tide flowing; I disencumbered myself from my jacket, and without noise, let myself down by a rope which was attached to one of the hanging ladders. The boat lying alongside, obliged me to use precaution in striking, as the smallest alarm would have brought them upon me. It was almost a dead calm. I glided smoothly along the surface of the tide, striking deep and slow, creating scarcely a ripple in the water. Borne as it were on the

bosom of the waves, I made land beneath some chalk cliffs, where I sat down to recover from the fatigue of exertion. I had more than once suffered for disguise, my invention was almost exhausted, and this last adventure sickened me with false appearances. I mourned to myself the prejudices of man, in condemning me; for executing what the law was defective in; and yet it was better that I should suffer, than that every man should hold the dagger of revenge.

The reward of two thousand pounds rendered disguise indispensable, however it might expose me to suspicion or mistake; and I spent some time in adopting one of security. Sometimes I thought of assuming the dress and character of a gentleman, the better to awe the vulgar into respect; but then by exposing my person, I became more liable to detection.

I knew that I should be missed at the changing of the watch, and that unless I could gain the opposite shore before morning, I should be almost to a certainty discovered. I rose up, and shaking myself to recover the stiffness which rendered moving scarcely possible, I advanced slowly along the beach. The waves gently beat at my feet, amusing me with their irregular dashing. At length I came to a kind of pier, that ran out for the convenience of landing, to which I perceived a boat fastened. I ran to it with exultation, intending to ferry myself across, without

without reflecting that by so doing I ran the hazard of hanging in chains, as a fresh water pirate.

To this necessity I was not driven, a man and boy being aboard; I proposed to them to take me over, which they refused, as I must be running from some of the ships. I had before this had recourse to invention, and now, to clear myself with probability, my habit declaring I belonged to the sea, I confessed that it was indeed true I had escaped from a ship, but that I was the son of a gentleman, and had been trepanned, as a proof of which I would give them a sum beyond their expectations, when on the opposite shore.

To this they readily agreed, first desiring to secure a few runlets of brandy in a recess amongst the chalk cliffs; after which we launched out, and were not long in landing on the shore of Essex. Having satisfied them for their trouble, and being secure of their silence, I hastened up the country, to leave the water as far behind me as possible by morning.

As I could not adopt in this place any habit of permanency, I barely changed my dress for that of a peasant, with a trusty stick in my hand setting forward on the common road. I had proceeded nearly nine miles, when I was overtaken by four sturdy men, whose

whose countenances wore every lineament of hard inhumanity. As I always expected that some day I should inevitably be discovered, I had no doubt for a moment as I saw them advance, but I was the object of their pursuit. For though this class of people may be necessary in a state, their dealings with human misery have deprived them of every tender feeling, and stamped their features with a mark not to be mistaken. They run down a criminal for the reward, with all the sagacity of hounds, and traffic in the vices of the abandoned.

Indifference, in those sudden encounters, had always proved my protection, and habit had given me a facility of arranging my ideas instantly to the occasion. I neither slackened my pace, nor increased it, but continued on in the louting country gait, which I could imitate with exactness. "Halloo! you toney," cried one, "the top of the morning to you. Have you seen pass a tall chap, in a light blue coat, with striped trowsers."

"Nea," said I, "I hana-see um, what sort a man was en?" "Why a ruff made fellow, with a brimstone face. He's run away from the bilboes, and so d'ye see, we want to hang him up dry." "What, he a been in the river, has en?" said I.

"Where the devil were you born," cried they, with a loud laugh, at my affected ignorance. "I tell ye, Cymon, he's a lad that's run away from
from

from transportation, and so if we catch him, we snack the bit, and give him a look above the country."

"Come, Ben," said the others, "leave the fool alone, don't let's dally here, when we should be putting on." To this the others assenting, I attempted not to detain them, enjoying to myself their sagacity in leaving the meat for the shadow. One of them, by accident, let fall a newspaper from his pocket, which when they were out of sight, I took up, and had more occasion to rejoice at the narrow escape I had had, than at first aware of, the first paragraph which struck me running thus:

"It is supposed the notorious Theodore Cyphon, who murdered his uncle Lord D—, in so inhuman a manner, has quitted this country, the most minute researches having been made to bring so abandoned an offender to justice in vain. His person is not unlike the famous Ned Harpoon, the highwayman, and he is equal in dexterous disguise, having lived for many weeks undiscovered, within twenty miles of the scene of his atrocious offence."

Men have invented modes of torture to excruciate the soul in the agonies of dissolution, but surely in the brand of universal infamy, though maiming is not endured, an equal suffering takes place. The mind is held in perpetual suspension, no situation can give to it that consciousness of security, which alone can render
life

life of value ; every shade furnishes out a betrayer, every face is an executioner, and man no longer is the friend of man. Thus I considered death as much to be preferred to that decree of anathematization, which interdicted an offender in former times from the use of fire and water, and prevented the hand of charity being extended with relief.

Bitter and grievous were my reflections as I passed along, and my hopes, hopes that but faintly glimmered, alone sustained my courage, in the desire of knowing if Eliza, the darling of my contemplations, was yet in existence.— Once arrived at a certainty in this case, I had but a choice of action—if she lived, I determined to live only with and for her—were she no more, justice should receive satisfaction, and send from the world a man long made miserable.

CHAP.

CHAP. VI.

Let mercy touch the breast of man to glow,
With soft compassion for a fellow's woe.

THIS advertisement had renewed my fears, though the security of my disguise might have pointed out my safety; yet I was unwilling to throw myself in the way of observation, lest a fugitive suggestion should lead some one to certainty. Towards night-fall I turned aside (as I used formerly to do) from the common road; a field of hay lying a little to the right, afforded me at once shelter and warmth. I had a few biscuits and some fruit I had purchased at the last village, on these I sat down to supper. Whilst thus employed, I perceived through the dulness of twilight, the heap opposite begin to move, and for the first time of my life was tempted to credit supernatural appearances; but at the same time I was very little alarmed, waiting with curiosity the event.

After a second heaving of the little mountain, not a mouse, but a tall man, in a light blue coat made his *entré*. I instantly recognized him by the description, to be the man
the

the terriers of justice were in pursuit of. He started at the sound of my voice, when I called him, and was going to run, but seeing only one person, he turned and demanded what I wanted.

"Why, friend," said I, "do you know you are valued at a hundred pounds; then why do you tarry in this part of the country, or wear a dress so remarkable?"

"Truly," he replied, "because I am short of cash; but how do you know me so well?" "Sit down," said I, then relating my rencounter in the morning, I asked him candidly to confess the crime for which he had been transported, proffering if he owned the truth, to give him sufficient to change his dress.

"Well, then," returned he, with an air of candour, "I confess I was transported for drunkenness." "For drunkenness," repeated I, in surprise, "I always thought the law considered that as a vice, which was certain to punish itself, and all in connection with it; but this is the first time I ever heard of its transporting a man."

"That may be," returned he laughing, "but my case is something like that of the man who stole the halter, without intending to take the horse at the end of it. You must know then, that being born with a temper a little too easy, I seldom refused to drink, or share

share the contents of my pocket with any man who called himself a *friend*, by which means I acquired the title of a very *honest hearted fellow*, and was at the head of a set of cronies, who only worked when it could not be avoided. One evening having taken our dose at a neighbouring fair, we reeled home together, and chancing to pass the plantation of a person, who had at different times sent some of us to the stocks for swearing, whilst he would utter oaths by the bushel, and others to Bridewell for wiring a hare; in mischievous revenge, we proposed to root up a number of young trees he had planted.

“We were, however, observed in the midst of our sport, and whilst we thought no harm in the world, were seized and laid fast by the heels. I and two others were transported to Virginia, which I thought a little hard for pulling up a tree, though, to be sure, I have since considered it as a great crime, and dear enough have repented. My voyage cured my habit of drinking, and had I been allowed to return, should have settled to work, and made a sober industrious fellow.

“You must suppose a chap of my cast had not been without sweethearts, and between us I had engaged my promise to little Nancy, and she in turn told me, she would make a nice, working, clean, sober wife. I was born an Englishman, and my spirit was proud. I could not therefore think of losing so many years from Nancy, and being a slave with the black negroes
because

because I had pulled up a tree, and so I took it into my head to return if I could. I ran away to a French ship, though from my heart I hated them, as a set of mean spirited slaves, and was by them landed in France; but I longed to see Old England and Nancy again. I found, however, that Nancy was become the spouse of another, and my character being blasted, I was forced to fly. The Squire, perhaps, apprehending my revenge, laid an information against me. I have since, on finding employment impossible, subsisted on little depredations I contrive in the night, and thus you see, from an honest man, severity has made me a thief, and for pulling up one tree I must hang upon another.

“ ’Tis too true,” replied I, “ that the laws, in some cases, exceed the just bounds of severity; but in contemplating one incident which comes to us under favourable circumstances, we should consider the universal tendency of the practice. This crime of yours, taken as it stands, is a trifle, but extended, goes to destroy all the trees in the island; every man might then take for fire-wood, plants which were designed to erect our buildings, and launch our commerce on the ocean; thus you see, in the ultimate, our very being as a nation would be annihilated. It is also to be considered, that laws in their principle and essence, are more intended to restrain, than to punish actual transgression; for which reason, those crimes easy to be committed, require a severer punishment in order to deter, than what the intrinsic value of the damage demands. For the same reason stealing cattle

cattle is made capital, because it is almost impossible otherwise to prevent it ; and thus when we balance the scale of justice, we ought to admit the facility of the action as a counterpoise to its seeming rigour. Besides, the laws, to embrace every species of crime, extend to the utmost verge of punishment, leaving the Magistrate to extenuate as circumstances appear favourable, whilst his power of extending the punishment is bounded."

"I own," said he, "I never considered it this way before, but ought not Magistrates to be chosen, who might act without prejudice, and who would impartially limit the punishment to the crime; besides, why should I be hanged for breaking from what might be called my prison? Why not sent back again, when those who break prison in England, suffer no greater punishment than what was naturally attached to the crime for which they were committed."

"I own," said I, here the law is severe. Transportation is only an imprisonment at large. A prisoner, condemned to perpetual durance in England, would not be hanged for breaking from his confinement, then why should the other? Why not transport the offender; and by way of prevention, add so much to his term as was employed in his voyages? It is a pity society should thus lavish away her members; and I agree with you, that men trusted with the administration of law, should be learned, and not illiterate country Squires, who mind only women and game." "But," continued I, as the

the law still remains in force against you, it is your wisest way to return to America, and as Nancy has jilted you, you have less enticement to stay."

"I wish," said he, "for nothing more, but how can I, who have not a sixpence, and who am forced to pilfer for meal, take a voyage of so great a length."

This difficulty I removed by furnishing him with a trifle, and that my labour might not be frustrated, I retained him in company till the next day. I then provided him with a disguise, and had the satisfaction to think, I had contributed to lengthen an existence, too much good nature had forfeited.

On my part, I had some little trouble to parry his curiosity, as a person of my mean figure possessing so large a fund of wealth, and the capability of distribution; and, perhaps, I suffered in his opinion, under the imputation of dishonesty.

Having taken leave of him, I struck away from the high roads, to avoid falling in again with the thief-takers, who, I doubted not, would hover round the spot where their scent was at fault, and might chance to discover in me a resemblance to the notorious Cyphon. Disguise is a perpetual torment, as at every little incident, a new change of form becomes necessary. I had no reason to suspect the honour

honour of the youth I had just relieved from distress, but I knew too much of man to trust to temptation. I therefore cast off my peasant's dress, once more taking the habit of a beggar, with the addition of a wounded arm, and the loss of an eye, concealed by a large patch of black plaister. A grizzle wig and hump back, compleated my appearance, and no man could have recognized beneath it the person of Cyphon.

I was so pleased with my compleat transformation, that I ventured to creep along the high road, and to stop in villages as I passed; indeed, this was necessary, if I hoped to discover Eliza, as I might wander in fields and bye lanes to eternity. The progress I made was slow, my enquiries being conducted with caution, and constantly ending in disappointment; for surely it was impossible to find a person less calculated than myself for such an expedition, labouring as I was under the necessity of perpetual concealment.

One evening when I had seated myself on a bench before an ale-house door, (for the impenetrability of my disguise, and the change in the colour of my skin, having dyed it a brown yellow) rendered me bold in security, a dark complexioned man, with large bushy eye-brows, and malignant aspect, sat down aside me, calling for a mug of ale.

“ Pray,

"Pray, my old dad," said he, to me, "how goes trade. I dare say you pick up an easy loaf now, with this here game arm and eye."—"No," said I, shrugging up my shoulders, bread and cheese, and at night a mug like this of stout, is my only comfort. But if I had my precious limbs sound as yours, I would make shift to procure a little better."

"Pray, how many miles may you go in a day? I suppose you've travelled all over England, by your weather beat look."

"Nearly," I replied, "and were you to walk as much as I do, you would not think it a pleasant employ."

"As to matter of that," said he, "here's t'ye, my old boy; but if I had as many guineas as I walk miles, I should be a rich dog."

"I suppose then," returned I, "you travel the country with goods?"

"No, not I, but I'll tell you what, I'm after a d—d cunning fellow, who, I believe, is not always above ground, or I should have found him before this. Did you ever in your walks meet a fellow rather taller than you, but not much, light hair, fair complexion, and something grand in his gait?"

"Why,"

"Why," replied I, gazing at him with surprise, "why do you ask me a question like that; I dare say I meet such every day of my life."

"O, but this is a remarkable man, is always varying his disguise, yet I believe I should know him among a thousand. I have his picture in my pocket, drawn purposely, from one in his father's possession, and so I shall be a cock sure of my bird, if I once get a squint at him."

I trembled at the danger that I ran, and was more than ever shocked at this new mark of my father's unremitted pursuit, for having desired to see the picture, I found it the copy of one taken when I was seventeen. I returned it to him, saying, "I believed I had once seen the man on the great western road; demanding who he was that so much trouble was taken to find him."

"You must know," said he, "he murdered his uncle, and if I can find him, I shall have two thousand pounds. I have a suspicion he has been seen lately in this country, for some of our squad met a country looking fellow, who in part answered the description, and the ninnies were taken in with his cant, for he's a rum chap, as you would own, if you knew all his pranks; what makes the suspicion stronger is, I was at Justice F—'s when a tall man was brought before him, on charge of suspicion of having stole a twenty pound note, which he declared he had given him by this very country booby, whom

whom he described to be the most sensible man he had ever met; but as his story did not gain credit, and I was going to *haulk game*, the justice pocketed the note *for the right owner*, and would have sent the fellow to the house of correction, but one of the *nabbing boys* knew him to have returned across the herring pond, and so he'll swing for it."

I had some difficulty to conceal my confusion at this account; whilst I admired the sagacity of this man in combining circumstances, I was amazed at his present blindness, which held up a true portrait of human foresight and self consequence; for whilst he condemned his friends for not perceiving me under the disguise of a peasant, he made me his confident under that of a beggar.

I durst not leave him abruptly, and trusting in my disguise, I ventured to enquire into his adventures. I found he had traced the circumstances of the bank note, when I ran the danger of being committed for forgery; he had followed me to town, where he lost me, spending many weeks ranging over it in every direction; at last he met with the thieves, and comparing my time of coming to town, the circumstance and description they gave him, he made little doubt of having again recovered his track, but as none of your neighbours were acquainted with my admission into your house, he found himself again at bay. He had since travelled over Wales, and the North, and coming through Essex to take another turn in London,

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in hopes I might have thrown aside precaution, he had met his present intelligence from those who had formerly been his comrades.

I shuddered at this detail, which exhibited so much sagacity, and the narrow escapes I had had, even at times when I thought myself most secure. I was sickened at reflecting on the numerous toils I had yet to undergo, and I saw that if I wished to remain undiscovered, I must seclude myself for a time, till he should have quitted this part of the country. I made little doubt of his discovering my change of dress, at least from that of the peasant, as contrary to my usual practice, I had sold the cloaths to an old countryman for a few shillings.

We continued in discourse for some time, I in return relating adventures which had never happened, and escapes from danger which had never existed; we parted at last, when night involved us in darkness, he wishing me good success, and that my lame leg had permitted me keeping him company for a time; and I him, that he might soon receive the grand reward, with how much sincerity you may easily guess.

Though occupied with considerations of personal safety, I lamented the fate of the young man, whom inadvertency had led to ruin. The extension of clemency, where it did not relax into licentiousness, has ever proved beneficial, and man will more readily follow the

voice of counsel, than the stern commands of authority. By the multiplication of penal laws offences are encreased, and to the honour of the present day, men begin to perceive the true modes of government, though its progress to final perfection is of necessity slow.

Yes, said I, to myself, argument may deceive us, but facts speak conviction, and shew that mercy is better than strict justice. In the reign of Henry VIII. seventy-two thousand souls suffered the punishment of death, which is at the average of nearly six a day, including Sundays. In our days, about a hundred are executed annually, and were the number less, I do not imagine our vices would be greater. It would therefore be to the credit of our feelings, if we would sometimes overlook private injuries, rather than prosecute where lenity can be extended with safety.

Occupied by these reflections, I continued down a dark lane, shaded on both sides by over-spreading trees, at length it branched off in several ramifications, but not into a common road, as the swarth was scarcely broken, being more like a long lawn than a road. Assured by this token that I was far from the haunts of men, and an universal stillness reigning around me, I sat down to indulge the pensive reflections which arose in my mind, but the more powerful fatigues of the body overcame me with sleep, and I awoke not till the dawn of morning.

A brisk

A brisk air rendered motion necessary, I continued down the lane for a great length of way, it wound in romantic meanders, then sinking into a hollow, above which on either side arose craggy scars, interspersed with brambles and sloe bushes. A little advance brought me within sight of the ocean, whose fluctuating waves glittered in the morning sun. At a distance I beheld the spreading sails navigating through the deep, and stood to enjoy the singularity of a scene to me so new.

Having satisfied myself with gazing on uniformity, I followed the lane to the beach, where was formed a kind of harbour, so sheltered by rocks, that it brought before me views I had seen of banditti or pirates in their secret haunts, for not an eye could penetrate the seclusion from any point of observation, the little bay turning round a projection of rocks, formed an alcove perfectly secured from the sea side.

Delighted with the place, I spent some time in its examination, but the lane bending on the left, I pursued its direction, taken up with the idea of adventures the preceding singularity of prospect had contributed to raise. I had scarcely advanced two hundred paces, when I perceived through the thick enclosure of trees, the top of a house, by its size of considerable grandeur, and by its situation the abode of some one who loved the dark romanticity of nature. To me who was interdicted the residence of society,

this discovery was by no means pleasing, and I stopped to weigh the hazard of advancing.

It was possible I might meet another Shechem Bonfadi, but it was not probable, and the risk was unwarranted by prudence; yet, that I might not trust to chance, I examined every leading avenue. The unfrequented aspect of the place excited suspicion, that it was either not inhabited, seldom visited, or that the occupier was a recluse from the world, either of which conclusions were conducive to safety, and incitements to advance. I sauntered at a distance till I could have a view of the front. The windows were all close, and no smoke arose from the chimnies. I ventured to advance, grass grew in the gateway, and even on the steps of the door, but yet it was possible some one at least might reside in it, though I began now to entertain hopes of its total desertion.

A large orchard was planted round, and though it appeared much neglected, I yet fancied I could trace the hand of cultivation. The branches were bowed down with variety of fruits, the wild poppy intermingled with the garden flower, and the lowness of the wall held out temptation to the passenger.

CHAP. VII.

CONFIRMED by the universal stillness which reigned, that no human being resided in the mansion, I was at a loss to discover why so charming a place should be deserted. The doors of some outhouses were unhinged, no poultry nor domestic animal was visible; comparing the solitary situation to Cowper's description of Selkirk, in Juan Fernandez, I repeated,

I am monarch of all I survey,
My right there is none to dispute,
From the centre around to the sea,
I am lord of the fowl and the brute.
O solitude! where are the charms
Which sages have seen in thy face?
Better dwell in the midst of alarms,
Than reign in this desolate place.

There is a melancholy reflection arising in the mind on the view of deserted habitations, we are insensibly bewildered on pursuing the fancied causes of migration; we attach to our-

felves the fallen fortunes of grandeur, or partake the hard fate of the wandering cottager. No doubt, thought I, this house has the reputation of spiritual visitants, and probably, under their protection, is safe from the plunder of the vulgar, who would, perhaps, think it a sacrilege to pluck those fruits which ripen unregarded.

As I was not troubled with any qualms of this nature, I made a circuit round the wall, as well to bar against surprise, as to insure a retreat in case of unexpected interruption. A little back gate opened into the orchard, it was without fastening, so that according to the statute, I was not guilty of breaking, it not being as much as closed with a latch.

I made free with the fruit, sitting down to my repast, not a little pleased with the fairy adventure. I looked in vain for the drawbridge, and brazen trumpet, to dissolve the enchantment. Indeed, had I been a hardy steel-clad knight, I should have pitied spoiling so delightful a scene, or scattering in the air the fragments of so noble a house. However, no fair lady appeared on the battlements, nor muslin scarf streamed from the loop-holes. Whilst these fancies gave some relief to my reflections, I considered that no place could be better adapted to my present necessity of concealment, the out-houses furnishing every security.

I arose

I arose to consider this plan, and opening a wicket, entered a flower garden, where many curious plants met the eye, equally in perfection, as though under the immediate hand of cultivation. It was impossible to account for so singular a circumstance, and as I advanced towards the house, I began to suspect it contained some eccentric inhabitant. Having knocked for some time loudly at the door, without any one appearing, I walked over the garden, orchard, and out-houses, weighing the behaviour I should adopt. Behind the house was a terrace, level with the first floor, supported by pillars, forming beneath a piazza. A door here presented itself, opening, as I judged from the plan of the windows, into a saloon. The door I discovered to be only on the latch, and after some little hesitation, I ventured to enter this palace of enchantment.

I found myself in a kind of common room, the walls of which were plaster, without any embellishment; about it lay several staves of casks, and the remains of some heavy package. I ventured to call, but received no answer, and taking my stick in my hand, I ascended the stairs. The same appearance of confusion was here visible, and on opening several doors I found the rooms scattered with lumber. There was some old furniture remaining, and my astonishment increased at observing on a large oak table in the dining room empty bottles with glasses, and the dregs of wine, yet standing.

As I gave no credit to enchantment, or supernatural agency, the idea forcibly occurred, that I had by accident stumbled on a rendezvous of robbers, which the peculiar seclusion of this place gave credit to. The more I examined the object around me, the more I became confirmed in this suggestion, though I was unable to account for this intelligence in suffering the outer doors to remain unfastened. Under this suspicion precaution became necessary, and I looked round for defence in case of attack. The room I was then in furnished no weapon, but on entering another, I discovered several blunderbusses, pistols, and cutlasses. Confirmed now beyond doubting, of the quality of the tenants, and not being very desirous of a visit, I ventured to take a glass of their wine, from several hampers that lay in one corner, and not knowing how soon they might return, hastened from the house.

I reflected in passing the wood, that they could expect nothing from one of my miserable figure, that probably they might be on a distant expedition, and that in the mean time I might securely pass the days in the wood, and the nights in the out-houses, until I could with safety continue my progress, and penetrate to the seat of despotism, from whence I expected at least to collect the vague suspicions of the vulgar, which might eventually conduct me to the object of all my pursuits.

For two days I adopted this plan, without the least signs of man appearing, and becoming bolder,

bolder, as danger seemed more distant, I even ventured to range over the house, in every chamber open to entrance. The third night was cloudy and rainy, and finding myself more at ease in the large house, I concluded on passing the night within it; for this reason I selected a small room on the second floor, as well for its distant situation, as that it contained a quantity of hay, and old hampers serving as substitutes for a bed.

At midnight I was awakened from a disturbed sleep by the bursts of hilarity, and the shouts of mirth. I trembled at the situation to which I had inadvertently exposed myself, making no doubt that the robbers were returned, and enjoying themselves over their booty. I figured to myself the large dining-room, scattered in confusion with the offal of intemperance, a large table loaded with liquor, and round it a set of miscreants, such as I had seen before at the mad house.

The horrid parallel struck me forcibly, as it brought to my mind a train of ideas, obscured by the subsequent suffering I had endured; I shuddered again at the confinement I had undergone, and at the narrow escape I had made from one of their class.

I summoned to my aid the resolution and calmness which ever befriended me, and rising with caution from my bed of straw, I advanced with care to the top of the stairs; I listened to

catch their discourse, but could only distinguish songs, laughter, and noisy jests. I considered that half intoxicated with repeated libations, they might not attend so as to hear me in passing down the stairs, a hazard I was bent on encountering, rather than fall into the hands of a savage banditti, whom I pictured merciless as the roving Scythian. I descended with caution, step by step, but when nearly at the landing, had the disappointment of finding the door open, and the light shining into the passage, left me little room to expect escaping without detection.

I ventured to lean over the balluster, to discover if possible the numbers of this noisy crew, or if I might venture (from their situation) to attempt escape. I was confounded at the unexpected quality of the carousers, as, in place of a set of the vilest miscreants, my imagination had figured, I saw only a number of men, like country farmers, some even possessing the air of gentility.

On nearer examination, I perceived that they were armed, but I found it impossible to conjecture the intention of this nocturnal revel. I turned round after a few moments reflection, to regain if possible the chamber where I had slept, as it was not improbable this might be some house dedicated to Bacchus, where those sons of the grape held a meeting, and that they might leave it before morning. By some accident they were disturbed at the noise I made, and starting up, several of them, with candles and pistols ran towards the stairs. Thus inevitably

tably discovered, I determined at once to declare the means of my entrance, resting on the convictive power of truth. I was seized, and hurried without struggle on my part into the banquet room, where some condemned me to immediate death, whilst others demanded how I came there, threatening to send me to jail as a thief and a vagabond.

“ You go,” cried I, firm and undauntedly, “ a little too fast. I am not to be intimidated with fear. Your threatened murder has no power to affect me, but for your own sakes, I would have you proceed with caution. ’Tis true my habit is against me, but I have seen better days. I was born a gentleman, though now circumstances have reduced me to a beggar. I passed accidentally by the gate of this house, it was open, and I ventured to enter. I demanded loud and long admittance at the door, but every circumstance declared the place without inhabitants. Your negligence left the door on the latch, I entered, and ventured this night to sleep in a room above stairs from the storm; what is there in this can render me guilty, and I appeal to yourselves if I have merited the unjust suspicion, and threats you have cast against me.”

“ Well said, by the head of my grandmother,” cried one of the best looking amongst them. “ Come, my friends, sit close, and let this unexpected guest taste a drop of the
near,

neat, untainted by the smell of custom-house rats."

This last expression perfectly opened my eyes to the characters of my entertainers, and I made no doubt this house was retained for the purpose of storing smuggled goods.

"Here," said one, offering me a glass, "drink confusion to all excise in a bumper." "Bravo," cried they, filling up their tumblers, "Here's perdition to monopoly and impost!"

I saw the futility of argument, and sat a spectator of their manners, which possessed a share of brutality, though refined in comparison to that of the robbers. Their declaration was uncontrouled to enjoy existence, but that enjoyment with them consisted in intoxication and excess.

In every class of society I had witnessed, reflection had disgusted me with the manners of men, nor could I refrain exclaiming to myself—Is this the immortal Being, the Lord of the earth, are these the attributes of a soul which is to exist for ever? Those men who spurned at the institutions of government as oppressive, conceived liberty to consist in licentiousness; but as I had never found the most abandoned without some argument to urge in their favour, I doubted not but those might reason wrong
from

from right principles, and I proposed to myself making the enquiry, when sobriety should allow the return of their reasoning faculty.

One after the other sunk down on the floor, or reeled to different apartments, the chief alone retaining any sobriety, though that was merely sufficient to attend the general safety, by extinguishing the lights and bolting the doors. As I had by some singular expressions recommended myself to his notice, he offered me a shelter till morning, the rain still continuing violent. The next day I arose before the fumes of wine were sufficiently evaporated, to allow its votaries to assemble, and descending I entered the garden, where I was soon after joined by him. I fancied the principal person in the community.

“ I doubt not, Sir,” said I, “ that you are surprised at one who says he has been in a more exalted station, appearing in the miserable habit in which you see me, but give me leave to say, my surprise is greater that a man of your sense should associate with company so extremely debased from the character of man.”

“ Hold, I beg, my good man,” said he, smiling, we only take a trifle from the contributions raised on the whole nation, for as to decreasing the revenue, that’s a mere farce, because,

because, if deficient, it is supplied by new loans and new taxes."

"Granted," said I, taking him by the arm, "I allow that for the support of Government, such a stated sum is appointed, and which must be made up by new imposts, if the old fail. Now, by deducing from the old, and thus causing a deficiency, you prevent an article of luxurious consumption contributing in place of the more necessary, it being clear that the revenue must either be raised by excise or tax. Thus you stand in the odious situation of being a secondary means of oppressing the poor wretches, one half of whose scanty pittance is given to protect the other."

He was startled by this mode of argument, which he had not before considered. He paused a few minutes, and then replied, "I know not how you have come by this objection, which I fear makes against us, for considering that the excise would not allow an honest man to drink as much as he pleased, I determined to have my share under-hand; and to this I was led by the form of swearing in excise officers, and the infamous practice of appealing to heaven at every turn of action. No man can smoke a pipe, or swallow a glass of wine, without its undergoing several attestations before God; and the little pedlar, who vends snuff by the half-penny worth, must go through the forms of a man on examination of life and death."

"I am

"I am grieved," said I, "at the justness of this remark, but I have seen the negligence with which this article is performed, and the oath which ought in every nation be held sacred, as the most solemn appeal, where direct witness cannot be produced, is in the whole train of excise treated as the most insignificant jest, and perjury is a matter of course."

"This, said he," turning upon me, "is warrant sufficient to avoid those forms, and you may say what you will, I am now convinced in my own opinion, for" continued he, with an air of triumph, "what by our means is added to the burdens of the people, we refund back to them, by supplying them proportionably cheaper in the articles we *run*, and save at the same time to ourselves a *clear conscience*."

I perceived, indeed, that argument could not shake a fixed opinion, confirmed by habit, and convenient by profit, and I turned the discourse to the dangers they incurred from the officers of excise. "Why," said he, "we sometimes have a brush with a revenue cutter, but you *understand* *trap*, we know pretty well how to keep clear."

Thus we ended the discourse, returning to join in the hall the rest of the gang, who eagerly devoured a quantity of cold meat, which they largely diluted with brandy, and seasoned with *oaths*, a strange example of inconsistency. In the midst of our repast, we were alarmed by
the

the trampling of horses, and one of them looking from the window let us understand, a company of light horse were advancing. "Well, my lads," said the Captain, "we have only to be firm, till these locusts have passed us, let every man take his post." Two flew instantly to bar the bottom doors, with heavy chains and fastenings, the ground windows were never opened. Others ran up to the room where I had seen the arms, and where stood a few hampers of wine; these as well as the arms were instantly carried into a side parlour on the ground floor. The glasses were left on the table, that the hungry hounds, as they called the light-horse men, might feed their eye-sight with emptiness.

The whole number being assembled in the parlour, the chief whispered me, that being a stranger I must submit to have my eyes covered for a few minutes. To this I consented, with an air of confidence, being willing to see the event of this extraordinary business. In less than a minute they raised me in their arms, and taking some steps, I found we were descending. I was then permitted to walk by myself. After about a hundred paces the bandage was taken off, and I perceived we were in a room under ground, lighted only by a candle, and crowded with casks of spirits and chests of tea.

"Here," said the Captain to me, "is a glorious booty, if those hounds knew how to scent it, but they may ferret to eternity before they find an ounce of coffee, tea, or tobacco, above

above board. We remained in this room, which was extensive, till night, when they opened a little door into a subterraneous passage, of near two hundred paces, ending in an opening through the chalk rocks into a sequestered part of the wood, adjoining the coast. A thousand jests were uttered on what they called a dead retreat, and having now to separate about the country, before they ventured to return, I was conducted in the dark through numerous intricate mazes, to do away any temptation to inform.

CHAP. VIII.

O! it is monstrous! monstrous!

Methought the billows spoke, and told me of it,
The winds did sing it to me, and the thunder—

TAMPEST.

BEING thus again left alone, the singularity of the recent adventure occupied my attention, till concern for my own safety recalled my thoughts to the center from whence they seldom deviated. So many accidents perpetually retarded my researches, that my soul sickened at its

its Ixion prospects, and sighed at the unremitted chain of labour it had yet to pursue. Was it possible to form a disguise so inscrutable, that suspicion should examine in vain; was it possible to invail my person in mists of impenetrability, from the keen eye of stimulating reward?—if these were not possible, it was impossible that I should discover my injured Eliza, or learn the sequel of her fate.

However, cried I to myself, I am resolved not to endure this dreadful state of suspense. I will not be hunted through the world. Then why this cowardice, this imbecility of enterprize? Am I no longer the Cyphon who defied bolts and bars, who possessed courage to descend the high walls of an infernal prison, amidst the roar of elements? Is the spirit of the mighty so fallen that I must hide my head in woods, and tremble at a sound? No, I am determined to die, but it shall be in pursuit of Eliza; for her I will brave the power of wealth, the inveteracy of hatred, and the arm of law; yea, though Kings should arise, I would defy them.

I made some trifling alterations in my figure, taking the patch from my eye, and the bandage from my arm; in their place substituting bow legs, and contriving to sink in my height several inches. Thus deformed, and decrepid, I ventured again into the main road, striking off towards the seat of my father.

As

As I passed along the roads an object of insignificance in the eye of the travellers I met, and the villages I passed through, I often smiled to think that my person was valued at two thousand pounds, a sum sufficient to have raised every village upon me. But whilst I wandered on slowly and sad, my thoughts reverted to the treatment I had received, and smarting as I was under the exalted hand of power, I considered that policy demanded some sacrifice of that pride, which yet reigned within me; and I conceived the strange design of casting myself on the mercy of my father, and trusting to nature for its effects. Not but my heart rankled at the usage I had received, and my soul shuddered at the fate of the Hansons; but somehow I believed him to be privy to the situation of Eliza, and to wrest this secret from him no medium was degrading.

About five miles from the house of my father, as I passed along the road, agitated by tempestuous feelings, which tossed me about at pleasure, a man on horseback rode by me in haste, whom I instantly recognized to be the keeper of the private mad-house, where I had been so long confined, and where for aught I knew, Eliza at this moment might be immured.

My blood boiled in my veins at sight of this tool of despotism, and I made no doubt he was returning from the author of my being, and my woes. Alas! cried I, of what materials is composed the heart of man, that he can thus delight in destruction and persecution? But now is the test,

test, now is the time I must either conquer by submission or perish.

The hopes I had entertained were considerably damped by a rencounter which had in spite of my usual presence of mind so much discomposed me, that unable for a time to proceed, I sat down on the side of the road, giving way to a torrent of tears, relieving the weight of anguish that oppressed respiration. The resemblance of the unfortunate Eliza received my caresses, and invoking heaven to commiseration, I pursued my journey. On the preceding day I had changed my mendicant attire for the dress of the country, that I might pass without creating suspicion, though I still retained the marks of deformity. It was the dusk of the evening before I assumed coolness and courage sufficient to rap at the door, and enquire if the Squire was at home.

"Yes," replied the porter, eying me with curiosity, though he could not penetrate my disguise, "*My Lord* is at home, but he sees no strangers, and so, if you have any business, my good man, you may deliver it to me."

"The business," I replied, "is of great importance to your Lord, it can be communicated to no other, and therefore I must see him."

"You *must* see him," repeated he, "you *must* call again to-morrow."

"No."

"No," said I, "my good friend, don't let us have any misunderstanding, if my eagerness is interpreted into impertinence, here is a guinea to soften the asperity. But what I have to impart to Squire Cyphon is of very great importance."

"Walk into this room, if you please, Sir," said he, with a servile scringe, "My Lord is not in the habit of seeing strangers, but if you will send up your name, I will venture to deliver it."

"My name," I replied, "signifies nothing. Tell him I come from his son, that I have power even to deliver Theodore into his hands, but that I must first speak to himself, and without witness."

The porter gazed at me, he seemed as if he wished to speak, but as I desired he would instantly go to his master, he left the room. I waited near half an hour, a subject of the most tormenting suspense; now thinking that nature might soften his heart, and that yet he might relent; then, that I should find his obduracy increase at this mark of my submission. At length the porter returned, "My Lord," said he, "after much consideration, has consented to see you, but insists it shall be in presence of a third person; a precaution you would not condemn, if acquainted with the danger he apprehends."

"I must

"I must either," replied I, "see him alone, or not see him at all; were I his son he might fear my revenge, but as it is, his timidity is puerile."

"If so," replied he, "I am commissioned to offer you conditions, which are, that you allow yourself first to be searched, that you may not secrete any weapon in your cloaths, without which, my Lord positively declares, you are not to be admitted."

"A weakness such as this," said I, "must render every moment of your master's life a torment; but as I am not come with murderous intentions, I submit." Having undergone this precaution, which exhibited the terrors and jealousies of tyranny, I was conducted through apartments, I could have traversed without a guide, and delivered by the porter to another person, whom I knew not, but who, it seems, had charge of every message, and was a kind of centinel; he opened the door of the chambers my father wholly resided in, and bowing down to the floor, repeated, "My Lord, the stranger waits to be admitted."

"Let him enter," said a voice, I distinguished as my father's, and at which every nerve trembled, and the blood flushed to my face. I laid my hand on my beating bosom, and felt the picture of Eliza. I became at once sufficiently master of myself to advance, and bowing as I entered, was shut in by the servant.

servant. On the table lay a brace of pistols, with a drawn sword, but all my attention was rivetted on the figure of my father. The plump appearance of manhood was no more, his features were distorted by suspicion and anxiety, his eye was rambling and wild, but at the same time stern and ferocious; and whilst I surveyed the shattered remains age and retrospection contributed perpetually to decay, I pitied, I trembled, and was dumb.

"The man," said he, "has informed me and that there, that you know where the rebellious and abandoned man is concealed, who was once my son. Is it true?"

"My Lord," cried I, casting myself on my knees, "it is true, but he is not the abandoned wretch you term him. I, I myself, am that unhappy, that miserable son, the mark of your vengeance, the victim of your wrath."

"You!" cried he, starting from me, whilst a thousand emotions shook his frame, "you Theodore! and are you then come to murder your father?"

"No," said I, "no, may the universe be shaken to non-entity, if I ever harbour the thought. No, my father, behold and pity the object of your rage. Reflect to what the madness of despair urged me, when the elect of my soul was torn from me, destroyed, polluted, contaminated. Reflect on all I have endured,

on

on all I have suffered, then ask yourself for what? When did I oppose your will but once? Was not my whole life, till that moment, a tenor of obsequious obedience? Cannot the calamities of a son touch your heart with pity? Cannot you feel the claims of nature, and restore me to Eliza, and my birthright?"

"I have sworn," cried he, glancing a look of malice, and stamping with fury, "I have sworn by the heaven of heavens, she shall never be yours. I have glutted myself to fulness on the vile worm which arose to curse me, and destroy all the plans I had formed and that there, for the exaltation of my family. But I have cast you off, go, go and partake in her company all you deserve. She is at this moment a common prostitute, her blood is mingled with its original foulness, and the blow I received from you on her account, measured upon her and her family with thunderings."

I was transported at this speech beyond bearing. I started from the posture of supplication. I gnashed my teeth in the wildness of fury. "Monster!" cried I, "inexorable tyrant, what power did the fortuitous chance of my birth give to you? Did it bestow on you the right of torment and destruction? No! there are degrees of reciprocal duty, which when broken by one, are no longer binding to the other. From this hour I renounce, I detest you. I tear from my heart every feeling of filial affection; your head crowned with grey hairs, will bend as a blasted tree in the midst of the forest, and you will

will descend to the grave without a name remaining amongst men. I will blaze in colours of blood your infamous character to the world. I will give you up as an example to tyrants, and the stings of remorse, and bitter penitence, will create to you, through the short remains of your precarious existence, the excruciating tortures of hell."

He was too much confounded to reply ; he seemed to labour under want of expression, and the suffocation of rage. He stood still, his eyes wildly staring upon me ; my soul was pierced with misery, and I hastened away, refusing to answer the servants, who crowded round me to enquire. As I entered the hall, I heard the voice of my father, commanding them to stop me, but vowing death to any one who attempted to do so, in a tone and gesture that shewed the danger of trifling, I opened the outer door and escaped.

It was a black tempestuous night, the wind howled in wild roarings, suiting the distraction within me. My brain seemed on fire, and the dreadful idea of Eliza a prostitute—the angelic form, the divine soul of the virgin I had loved, polluted by the dregs of society, fixed on my senses—I am mad with the reflection.—Alas ! I scarcely know what I write. The descending rain overwhelmed me in torrents. I opened my bosom to its fury, I spread forth my arms to defy the elements. I ran forward, I stopped, I was distracted. I cast myself upon the ground, I repeated the name of Eliza ; large drops of

sweat gathered on my body, already drenched with rain. I wished to cease to be. The whole world swam before my sight, I rejoiced in the jarring confusion of the storm, and should have smiled to see convulsions warp the earth with distortions, and hurl the universe into original chaos. Every idea was dark as the secret chambers of the grave, and my soul seemed capable of rising above every form of destruction, of riding on the wings of whirlwind and fire.

I have since wondered that I did not instantly destroy myself, but death never crossed my reflection. I seemed to tower above its consideration, every mode of danger vanishing into nothing. Yet, however the soul may be stimulated to madness by passion, its physical effects on the body quickly reduce it beneath the common tone of energy, and almost deprive it of active power. Thus a prey to uncontrouled impulsion, I had rambled forward, I knew not where, nor regarded how, till all at once a stupor overcame me, every object at once was shut out from intellectual recognizance, and I sunk down upon the road.

I know not how many hours I remained in this situation, exposed to the violence of the storm, and steeped in water. The grey of the morning was just visible above the tops of the distant hills, when I again opened my eyes on a world I had nearly forsaken for ever. A burning heat diffused itself over my body, and circulated through my veins, the certain symptom of
a fever.

a fever. I felt a secret pleasure in the thought, I hugged the very name of death. I found, however, my present situation extremely disagreeable, being benumbed with cold, and damp, whilst at the same time an internal fire devoured me. It was with extreme difficulty I advanced a few paces to a dry bank, where I sat down wholly exhausted, my mind still turning to the dreadful account I had heard, and which yet tingled in my ears.

In the tumult of my crowding reflections, I had omitted enquiring where Eliza might be found, a circumstance that started upon me as a faint glimmer of hope, and I indulged a fancy that what I had heard might have been only a malicious aspersion, an attempt to lessen in my sight the perfection of female excellence. Whilst mine eye turned with indifference over the country before me, and my soul retired within the recesses of deep reflection, a single horse cart with a man and his wife, who had been at a neighbouring market, came up. They stopped at observing my situation, enquiring with the kindness of charity, if I would accept a cast, as I seemed fatigued.

This humanity to me was additionally welcome, having so seldom heard the voice of compassion, and being really unable to walk, I consented to enter the cart. I sat down in silence, being too weak to answer their questions, and my imagination too bewildered to attend. I continued in this kind of stupor till we arrived at the little town where they dwelt, but by that

time I was become wholly light-headed, and after much difficulty was admitted to a shelter under the shed supported by parish bounty.

From the temporary derangement of my senses, the strength of my constitution shortly relieved me, but a violent fever flamed through my body, and insatiate thirst incessantly tormented me. The good woman, who had by her intercession procured me this asylum, was a farmer's wife, and now and then supplied me with fruit, which allayed in some degree the fervour of my sufferings. She had wisely taken care of my pocket-book, containing my fortune, well knowing that otherwise my whole personal property would be in a state of sequestration.

CHAP. IX.

Death hath thy temple raz'd, love's empire spoil'd,
The world of honour, worth, and sweetness spoil'd.

DRUMMOND.

AFTER the furor of the malady was abated, and sunken nature existed but faintly, I had leisure to look round on my companions in misery, and on the house which preserved us from the weather.

weather. Ere this I had witnessed the ostentations of charity, but now in the secret vale, far from the glare of reflective pride, where the pittance was only collected from those who had none to give, and pompous subscription was unknown, I beheld, I felt the boasted providence for misery, want, and worn out age.

Beneath the thatch of a tottering building, dwelt the outcasts of poverty. Mothers who had never known the name of wife, were here deserted and forgot. Children, the offspring of unprotected parents, or the remains of some family whom indigence had starved to destruction, cold, naked, and hungry turned the wheel, which is the support of this mighty empire.

Left on the world's bleak waste forlorn,
In sin conceiv'd, in sorrow born,
No guide the devious maze to tread,
Above no friendly shelter spread:
Alone, amidst surrounding strife,
And naked to the storms of life,
Despair looks round with aching eyes,
And sinking nature groans and dies.

FOUNDLING HYMNS.

Here was the enfeebled peasant bleached and stiffened by the morning dews, the winter's cold, stretched on the flock bed, the picture of famine, and the prey of disease, left to breathe out his last sighs to heaven, without a comfort to soften his way.

Every breath of wind whistled through the broken casements, being the only remedy against the various ill scents which arose from disease, and loathsome filthiness. No plaster covered the bare walls, formed of irregular stones, between the interstices of which were pegs of wood, that suspended pieces of apparel, rags for the dressing of wounds, and more disgusting objects. Yet into this chamber of wretchedness the poor were often denied admittance. Miserable sons of the earth, better, better would it be, never to have been at all! This was the last stage of life, when sickness calls for indulgence, when the parting soul trembles in uncertainty, and sighs for the aids of friendship, when it lingers in the world, and fears to leap into the dark state of unexperienced existence, rendered grim by a thousand horrors of superstition. No hand of comfort was nigh, no voice of soothing consolation poured balm into the ear, the shrill tones of the magisterial *nurse* carried instant obedience, and the tender part of her office was lost in callosity of feeling.

The apothecary executed his part with indifference; he was above giving to the sick those hopes which might have contributed to linger out existence; and even the priest, whom religion should have softened down to humanity, entered with stiff constraint to mutter a few prayers over the dying victim; that over, he hastened to the revels of mirth. How unlike the unfortunate Hanson, whose soul was the emblem of christian patience and goodness, but alas! christianity is now a name, a mere passport to office.

“ O For-

“ O Fortune !” cried I, “ is it thus thou dealest with the children of men ? Is it thou who givest beds of down, and all the various luxuries of the earth’s production to a few, whilst thou deniest the common enjoyments of savage nature to others, emerging them in wretchedness and woe ? Yet man boasts himself the lord of creation, though sinking under labour, disease, and want.

It is true there were in this house, whom a love of idleness had brought there, but these ought not to have been received, or if received, employed according to their strength. When the fever ceased to rage through my veins, I lay on my wretched pallet in a state so exhausted, that nature seemed to have made her last struggle, and death silently and slowly to be stealing upon me.

I felt with satisfaction its approaches, I regarded the hour of dissolution with a composure, alone disturbed by the remembrance of Eliza. The tear started in my eye at the utter impossibility of once more calling her mine ; of once more beholding that countenance which had first taught my heart to sigh, to beat at the impulsion of love. “ Oh !” cried I, “ that I could press thee to my bosom ! Oh ! that our souls might breathe their departure together, and at once leave behind us this scene of varied unhappiness.”

One night, when all within the house was hushed, save the snoring of the nurses, and the

the moans of the sick, I was disturbed from that state of inactive reflection, when the soul is bewildered without forming ideas of distinction, by deep sighs from one who occupied the bed next to mine. I knew it to be an unhappy female, who had been overtaken by disease in the practice of vice. I had even heard that some circumstances in her life were particularly pitiable, but I had not seen her, and now when her deep sighs sunk into my soul, I caught the sympathy of distress, and turned round to listen.

Unhappy being, thought I, this then is the end of a life of *pleasure*, this the goal of a race in pursuit of gratification; but perhaps thou wert betrayed, perhaps some second Lord D—planned thy destruction. “Oh!” cried I aloud, “Omnipotent Being, if indeed thou lookest down on the actions of men, let not lust triumph unpunished; and O, protect from an end like this, the unfortunate Eliza.”

“Who,” said she faintly, “who do I hear call Eliza?”

The sound of her voice struck me with the rapidity of lightning, and deprived in that moment of speech, I started up, I made an effort to throw myself upon her, but enfeebled beyond exertion, I sunk again upon the bed, in a state too painful and too confused to admit description.

“O Theo-

"O Theodore!" said she, scarcely loud enough to be heard, for she now recollected me, "O Theodore! is it indeed you? Oh! look not upon me, I am vile, I am worthless." A burst of tears choaked her utterance for a time. My heart seemed to rise to my throat, and every power of speech was suspended. "Miserable that I am," said she, "I prayed to die in obscurity, but even this is denied me. O Theodore! pity the Eliza you once loved, pity the sufferings I have gone through, and O pity the weakness of human nature, which held me to life, though debased beneath myself. But a very few hours remain to me, I shall then leave a world where I have had little but sorrow, where shame and misery have been my portion."

"No, no," cried I, struggling for utterance, "you shall not, by heaven it cannot be. You shall live. You are dear to my soul, you are my wife, my Eliza, my only love."

"Wound me not so," said she, "spare me, I entreat you; those names of endearment cut me as reproaches, for long sunk in my own esteem, my very being is loathsome to myself, and cannot but be so to you."

"You wrong me indeed, indeed you do," said I, with vehemence. "I love, I will love you for ever. Still to me you are the same, I am the origin of all you have suffered. But for me you might have lived a life of peace, the

humble thatch of the cottage would have sheltered you, but I turned you out to the storms of life, I exposed you to the blasts of power, and if cruel fortune permits you not to live, we will die together, we will sink at once from being, or rise to worlds of immortal existence."

"You know not," she replied, "what a wretch I am. Oh! if my father, when here, had foreseen the lot of his daughter, mercy would have taught him to end her existence; but who would desire life, were the contingencies within the power of prescience? Tell me, Theodore, how I find you in this lowest of human habitations. Why did you dip your hands in the blood of a wretch, whose very touch was contamination?"

"Oh!" cried I, "that he had ten thousand lives, my soul would have rioted in vengeance. Was it not him who destroyed us? Was it not him who blasted our existence? Was it not him who murdered my son? But I am rising to madness, and I would fain be calm. I would, if possible, swallow down the long train of my injuries, that I may not lose the indulgence of the present moment in allowing me to be near thee—to speak to the darling of all my reflections; but I fear, my Eliza, I shall exhaust your spirits, live for me, we will fly to some other kingdom, we will—"

"Cease,

“Cease, cease, dearest Theodore,” said she, faltering, “this is too much for my wounded spirit to endure. I know but too well that the dart of death even now rankles in my heart. I feel its poison floating chilly through my frame, and that nothing can now save me.”

So dreadful a sentence seemed too great to endure. A cold shudder, a convulsive tremble overcame me. I felt a pang as if every nerve had been pierced with the acuteness of torture, and nature fainted beneath the shock. It was day before I wholly recovered, the preceding scene returned on me like a dream, I doubted its reality, but I ventured to murmur out the dear name of Eliza, and listened to catch an answer.

The nurse was employed at the other end of the room; I raised myself upon the sack which served as a bolster, and listened to the intermitting breathings of a broken sleep, that served to dull the senses without calming the spirits of the once charming daughter of Hanson.

A part of the sheet concealed her face, I ventured to remove it with one hand, that I might again gaze on her inimitable countenance, and enjoy the silent pleasure of tracing those features that had fascinated my senses; but I started back with horror at the dreadful alteration; the sheet fell from my hand, and a curse on the author of all this was rising unbidden.

Her

Her once blooming face now bloomed no longer, her features were swoln with hardship and grief, her eyes were deep sunk in her head, the paleness of snow, tinted with a sickly yellow, coloured her skin, and corrosive disease preyed upon her, like the canker which destroys the fruit, and saps the first principles of vitality.

A sight so shocking would certainly have affected me to excess, had I been capable of any exertion, but so weak was every energy, that no new calamity could reach me, or irritate feelings blunted beyond the power of stimulation. When the first sensation of disgust were subsided, I ventured to take another view of the suffering fair, who whilst alive was subjected to the empire of corruption. I even traced with fondness the remaining lineaments of features, where once envy's self would in vain have sought a fault, and on which I had often gazed with secret rapture. But who can tell the tortures of my mind, if a moment admitted reflection! I durst not glance a look of retrospection. I would have wept for Eliza, but I found it was impossible, I found my grief too deep, and I wished for dissolution.

The fair sufferer awoke with a start, and convulsive kind of gasp, she raised her eyes feebly toward me, but alas! they conveyed only languid dejection, every higher animation being gone. No more did they beam with ethereal expression—no more did they shine with intellectual meaning. They indeed retained a power,
but

but it was the power of exhibiting humanity sunk by excess of pain, and deadened to further endurance.

I had now found the object for whom I had alone consented to live, but to find her in this situation, in the lowest state of expiring life, destroyed the pleasure I had expected from her sight. I had, however, no other motive to live, than for her, and by the help of my friendly countrywoman, I exerted myself to procure her some assistance. Too enfeebled myself, I gave the task wholly to her, and as money will procure civility and attention from an enemy, Eliza was something better provided for, though every hour convinced me that the malady was too deep for removal, and that a decline had long preyed upon her.

I forbore from tenderness to touch on her misfortunes, but from the farmer's wife I learnt some particulars, which, if possible, strengthened my hatred against the man, who could in mere wantonness murder every feeling of humanity. It appeared that she had been traced by some instrument of my father's, to the house of a cottager in a distant part of the country, where she had found shelter, and earned her bread by labour. With this cottager she lived in fancied security, till she had recovered from the effects of the violence she had suffered. After this she was apprehended as an accessory to the murder of Lord D—, and confined for many months, but at the intercession of my father, and no per-
son

son appearing against her, she had been liberated.

This appearance of lenity gave colour to his actions, and brought her deeper into his power, for being now turned on the world without money or friends, her character blasted, and lying under suspicion of murder, no one took compassion on her sufferings, and those who knew not my father, condemned her story as the forgery of ingratitude. Thus driven from every resource, and encompassed round by the lines of the spoiler, she was assailed by temptations, fortitude could scarcely resist, and she took the resolution of hiding herself in the fields, where she might die unobserved.

The villain who kept the private mad-house, was chosen as the instrument of executive vengeance, a vengeance so brutal, that even his abandoned soul shuddered at the proposal, being only brought to conform by threats of punishment for his former actions. In a state of weakness which deprived her of the power of resistance, again was the wife of my bosom violated, and contaminated with a disease that instantly fixed upon a constitution already far declining.

Humbled beneath the dust she was now left forlorn, abandoned to the mercy of the elements. She possessed not courage to put a period to her being, for broken hearted, all her firmness was gone; and thus a burden to herself, she lingered for a time on the offerings of the compassionate, when

when sinking down before the door of a gentleman, she was under his direction conveyed to the place, where I once more found her.

A detail like this was ill calculated to restore repose to my bosom, or give strength to my slowly recovering health. Indeed, I had no longer one single wish to live, except that I might not leave behind me my injured wife, for such I considered her in defiance of the decrees of lawyers, and the outrages of cruelty.

I watched with fearful anxiety the visible advances of death, for hours hanging over her languid form, whilst her sighs responsively expressed the unutterable feelings of our souls. Every day deduced from my hopes of her recovery, as every day produced an alteration visibly for the worse. Spasms at intervals deprived her of self-command, and shook her frame almost to dissolution, her voice was sunk into faint and languid sentences, and scarcely an hour seemed allowed her to live.

I paid no attention to my own weakness, exerting every faculty to serve her, whilst in turn she endeavoured to soften the distress she saw preyed upon me, and which hurt her feelings not yet weaned from that tenderness, whose existence commenced the first hour we beheld each other, and which every succeeding interview increased and cemented.

Exhausted

Exhausted with fatigue, I had suffered myself to fall into a kind of doze towards midnight, when I was awakened by a touch of her hand, already chilled, and clammy with death.

"Theodore!" said she softly, "My husband, I would fain once more hear your voice. I am going."

"Stay," cried I, starting up, and pressing her hand to my lips, almost unconscious of what I said or did. "Stay, I conjure you, my Eliza, one day—give me only one day more, my angel, my friend."

"O Theodore," said she, "death had no terrors for me, till this meeting with you. I wish to repose in the arms of my father, to lay my head on the lap of my mother; I wished to embrace the ethereal spirit of our child, but I find that my husband ties and attaches me to life—I feel—Theodore—my—it is done."

Clouds of darkness swam before my eyes. Chaos broke in upon my senses. I threw myself upon the bed, and embraced the inanimate remains of the injured saint, whose soul had for ever departed from its unworthy habitation. Wrung with insufferable anguish, no exclamation could give expression to the poignancy of my feelings. My spirit made an effort to escape,

cape, and deeply groaned at its impassable durance.

They endeavoured in vain for some time to part the corpse from my embrace, my arms encircling it with a firm hold, as if I feared losing some invaluable possession. The whole circle of feeling seemed to have been exhausted by my prior calamities, so true it is, that by familiarity, either pleasure or pain loses its effects. A dreadful calm succeeded, I was convinced of the irreparability of my loss, and my mind brooded in silence on the most eligible means of recovering her society, for, said I, she shall never come back to me, but I may go to her.

With difficulty I prevented the overseers putting her in one of their miserable shells. I had even the firmness to take a last kiss of her pallid cheek—a last look at her emaciated form, before I allowed them to screw down the coffin, which was decked with flowers. But when the melancholy procession, mournful and slow, moved along, attended by the weeping maids and mothers, who owned her misfortunes when she no more regarded the world; when the bell tolled solemn, every stroke was as the pang of death, and I found it impossible to attend her to the grave.

When I heard the bell announce the ending of the sad ceremony, I felt a pang of madness rush through my brain, and a desire to fly and tear her from the depths of the grave. But again I became calm, again gave way to the profoundest melancholy.

I had

I had now seriously resolved to die, but I was undetermined as to the mode I should adopt; for I wished at the same stroke to plant irremovable remorse and everlasting shame in the breast of the cruel monster, who could un pitying give a loose to the virulence of over-bearing passion.

After much consideration I adopted the purpose of making himself the executioner of his own punishment, which I knew would brand him with universal infamy, and shatter at once the high castle of pride and power he had so delighted to erect, and whose foundations were laid in blood and destruction. In this purpose, as soon as my strength permitted, I left the workhouse, hastening to the next Magistrate, to whom I desired admittance.

“ I am come,” said I, to inform against a murderer, for whom two thousand pounds are offered by Squire Cyphon.”

“ Are you certain you have the right person,” said he, “ as a mistake in a matter of this nature is particularly dangerous.”

“ I am so certain,” replied I, “ that I am the man, and I demand to be committed to prison, that justice may be satisfied.”

“ Reflect,” said he, “ what you are about to do, I have yet power to suffer your escape, as you are here on your own testimony.”

“ I have

"I have considered, Sir," said I, "I am perfectly calm, and wish that one guilty of so enormous an offence, may no longer remain unpunished." "My duty then," he replied, "is to commit you, though I confess my reluctance."

I was accordingly conducted to the county gaol, where I now continue—where I have employed my melancholy hours in writing a narration, I could not have pronounced. My intention was to leave behind me this testimonial, which might excite the tear of friendship from you and your daughter, and be the only tribute of gratitude I can give to those, who though they knew me not, yet bestowed on me the gifts of friendship and love.

But as I find I have not many days to remain in this world, and as then this paper might never reach your hands, I have contrived a mode of conveyance. Should I be no more by the time you receive it, I bequeath to you the unwelcome office of interring me beside the remains of Eliza. To your daughter I give the portrait of that murdered angel, as the most valuable of all my possessions. To you both be peace.

CHAP. X.

IT was not without frequent interruption that Hanson had been enabled to finish a narrative, that filled him with indignation and grief. The fate of his sister who had been his favourite, the abominable violence she had suffered, and the persecution of his friend, altogether raised within him a thirst for revenge; and like the Arabian, who measures death on the murderer with his own hand, he solemnly vowed, that the grey hairs of Cyphon should not descend to the grave in peace. This intention he however concealed for the present, as he had to exert every ability to sooth the weeping Eve, who was nearly distracted at the thought of Theodore's imprisonment, and the impending darkness hovering over his fate.

“O my father,” said she, casting herself into the arms of the trembling Shechem, from whose eyes dropped tears, like the oil which descended on the beard of Aaron, “O my father, cannot he be saved, cannot he be restored to us, cannot we carry up to the throne a petition for mercy?”

“I fear

"I fear not," replied the Jew, "he is guilty of murder, and this crime cannot be pardoned. But we will go, we will endeavour by our presence to soften his affliction. Consider, and be calm, my dearest girl. Dost thou not see that life is become loathsome to our friend, and that the suspension of his fate would be only adding duration to his sufferings. Let us then only seek to ease the irksomeness of his stay, and by the offices of friendship dissipate, in a degree, the loneliness of a dungeon, and reflect some ray of brightness through the inshrouding gloom."

It was in vain Hanson exerted all his eloquence to dry the tears of Eve, whose grief wounded him to the heart, and was not a little augmented by reflecting, that affections so fixed on another, had little chance of turning on himself. But these sentiments he concealed with sedulous care, as of all moments none could be more unfit than the present to declare himself, when every consideration was absorbed in the fate of Theodore.

He had at times flattered himself (for who that loves does not, however absurd his pretensions) that Eve bestowed on him an esteem something superior to friendship. 'Tis true she listened with delight to his discourses, she even courted his company, and when he went out often desired him not to stay, but this might be merely a wish of society, her secluded life not allowing her the diversity of common visitants.

Preparation

Preparation was now made for a hasty journey, though necessarily delayed longer than the impatience of Eve allowed, from the many concerns Shechem could not leave, without throwing his affairs into confusion. Thus Hanson, who listened to every wish of her whom he sought to oblige, as well as to his own desire of once more embracing the friend of his youth, prevailed on himself to forego the pleasure of escorting Shechem and his daughter, setting out the same evening for the residence of his brother-in-law Edward, which lay upon the road to Theodore.

Whilst the chaise waited at the door, he stepped into the apartments of Eve to bid her adieu, and once more to entreat she would hope for the best.

"Alas!" she replied, "I am convinced of my weakness. I know that it is impossible he can be saved, and I shall for ever be miserable."

"Not so," said Hanson, trembling, "Not so, I hope. Ah! how readily would I exchange situations, if I could give peace to Eve!"

"You mistake," said she, blushing, and turning down her eyes that were dimmed with tears, "Theodore is the husband of Eliza."

Hanson knew not what to reply, he wished to say much, but at this moment he could say nothing.

nothing. He gazed upon her for an instant, he attempted to speak, but bowing, silently he hurried into the chaise.

“ You mistake, Theodore is the husband of Eliza,” repeated he to himself, as the chaise drove off. “ Can she then regard me with affection? Yet why so lament Theodore? That she loved him I know, she has confessed it to me; but what am I to conclude from this? surely she meant something more than common. I was a fool not to ask an explanation.”

Thus Hanson reasoned, and from a simple reply flattered himself that he was not wholly an object of indifference to Eve. These reflections, as he drew nigh the house of Edward, gave place to scenes he had now to encounter, and he prepared to meet with firmness any additions of ill fortune.

He learnt from his sisters that Edward had set out the preceding night for the town where Theodore was confined, that he might be present at his trial, and by his company support his firmness in a moment so terrible. She added, that they had no hopes of his acquittal, he being resolute in his determination of suffering.

Glad even to find that Theodore yet lived, he took a hasty leave of his sister, without daring to mention to her the fate of Eliza, it being a subject on which he durst not trust his own feelings,

as it never rose in his mind, unaccompanied by vows of retaliation.

Obliged to put up on the road, he retired early to his chamber, that he might more readily be at liberty to pursue his journey at an early hour. Whilst undressing, he heard the voices of two persons in the adjoining room. The one in a tone of advice, the other in that of complaint, which naturally attracting his attention, he stood still to listen.

“Trust to my honour,” said one, “I would advise you in this case so as shall be most beneficial to you and Sir Richard. Besides, you must be conscious that to have recourse to law with a man of his property, is only bringing on yourself certain ruin, without a shadow of redress.”

“And then,” said the other, “are the laws so ineffectual, or are they made only for the rich? Had this infamous scoundrel seduced the daughter of one rich as himself, durst he, I ask, have left her with impunity? Would not the law have given him redress?”

“Why, if she had been an heiress, it might have been capital I grant, but your daughter you know is without any fortune, and he offers to compound genteelly.”

“And so,” cried the father in a rage, and stamping on the ground, “because my daughter
is

is poor, she is to be ruined by a d—d scoundrel, and turned off when he has satisfied himself. 'Tis true she has no promise of marriage in writing, but he certainly gave her a verbal engagement, and I will bring an action against him. I will try if justice cannot for once be had by a poor man."

"Will you hear me calmly?" said the lawyer, "this is a case where you must submit. There is no law on your side but what will not be effective. You may prosecute him indeed for the loss of her labour during her pregnancy and nurturance, but then the damages will be trifling, and not to the amount of the compensation he offers; * besides he will provide her a husband, and give them a snug farm, so that in fact the honour he has done you, is an advantage which you could not have expected."

"And this is justice!" replied the other, "one man shall be hanged for seducing an heiress, another shall pay a trifling fine for seducing a girl, perhaps much superior in every point except fortune; and even that pitiful compensation must be sued for in the most degrading manner, as if she was a beast of the field who had received a damage that rendered her unfit for labour, and whose loss of time must be made good to the owner!"

The next day brought him to the town where Theodore was confined, to whom after some difficulty and bribery he was admitted; a faint light shone through the grated opening at the top of the cell, scarcely sufficing at first to trace an object, but the eye soon accommodating itself to the gloom, perceived the engines of confinement, bolts and chains. On a litter of straw sat the heart-broken Theodore, in whom the beauty of youth had bloomed and was gone. He was unchained, they having no apprehension of his attempting an escape, after a voluntary surrender, though it was well known with what facility he had eluded his former keepers, and with what success he had secreted himself from every research.

When Hanson entered he was sitting, his hands supporting his head, whilst the portrait of Eliza lay before him, the subject of deep meditation. He looked up at the opening of the door, he gazed with a vague remembrance upon Hanson, but till he heard the sound of his voice, was unable to fix certainty to his person; for though the features were familiar, he had so persuaded himself of his death, or station at an impassable distance, that reflection never glanced towards him.

“Is it possible,” said he, in a voice too enfeebled to take the tone of satisfaction, “Is it possible you can be here in the dungeons of a prison, whom I thought had long since been dead?”

dead? How have you escaped the destruction which was suspended over you? What clue has conducted you to this my last earthly habitation?"

"I grieve," replied Hanson, taking his hand and sitting down on the straw beside him. "My soul is afflicted at this meeting.—Is this the pleasure our youthful imaginations had contrived for the years of manhood? Is this the end of our felicitous schemes? O Theodore! no more shall I taste satisfaction, since you, since my beloved sister, and my parents, are fallen the victims of mistaken and terrible passion."

"Yet shall the tyrant feel," said Theodore, raising his eyes with somewhat of fire, "I from this miserable cell will launch the dart of remorse into his heart, and avenge the fall of your sister."

"But how," said Hanson, "by destroying yourself? Were it not better, even now to endeavour to escape? I am assured there are no witnesses against you, and consider if this voluntary surrender does not constitute suicide."

"No more of this," replied he, "I would not for all the world contains be much longer

its inhabitant. Common place passions might be satisfied to live, but I have no design—no purpose—no pursuit. I have been harrassed in every form. I have endured beyond the powers of human nature. I have loved with an ardour not to be destroyed, but now it is nearly over, and I will die.”

Determination so fixed as this, Hanson attempted not to remove. But after a moment's reflection, he prevailed on himself to offer what the most exalted friendship could neither have expected nor desired.”

“Theodore!” said he, “I am satisfied your present hatred of life arises from the loss you have sustained in my sister. To give you then a motive to live, is only to give you a new passion. You are sensible that the daughter of Shechem Bensadi beheld your merits with partiality; that from the hour you became her deliverer, she cherished for you a secret love. She is possessed of every qualification which can render a woman amiable, and without those frailties so very common, and so very disgusting. She is peculiarly suited to please you as a companion, and I see no obstacle to prevent your accepting that portion of pleasure you yet may attain.”

“I have yet to learn,” answered Theodore, by what accident you have made acquaintance
with

with the man who should give christianity the blush; and to answer your advice without considering it, would not be the part of prudence. I held myself to blame for not flying from her the first hour suspicion told me her sentiments, and therefore when disengaged from Eliza, I coolly reflected if I could any way contribute to the peace I might accidentally have hurt; but I felt within myself that nature was wounded to the center, and that it was morally impossible I should continue long. I felt also, that however I might esteem her as a friend, beyond that every feeling was engaged to the remembrance of Eliza, and that had my health been perfect, and the promise of years yet in store been given me, I could not have so behaved, but that she must notice my coolness of affection, and thus every moment of her life would have been imbittered, and grief preyed upon her in silence. For I know well that Eve is too tender to divide the affections of a husband, or indeed to be satisfied with the common expressions of regard."

Hanson was not, perhaps, chagrined at the negation of his proposal, he found his friend unchangeably firm in his resolutions; and to put off for a time the sense of his immediate sufferings, he related his journey through Arabia, with observations on the manners of men, describing them in every stage, from the simple Hindoo who fed on fruits in the woods, to the Monarch who struts in imperial pomp, as tinctured with folly.

Before the conclusion of a narration, engaging to Theodore, Edward entered the cell, and informed them that Squire Cyphon had retained a lawyer of great abilities as counsel in favour of the prisoner; that the plea of insanity was to be insisted on, which several country people, and the keeper of the mad-house, were to support by facts.

Theodore was silent at this, he seemed to consider in himself some concern of moment, evading reply by desiring Hanson to go on, and leave matters of so trifling an import to some future discussion. They remained the greatest part of the day in the prison, their company restraining the fatal indulgence of grief, which sapped the energy of Theodore. About an hour after their return to the inn, Shechem Bensadi and his daughter arrived. Some little confusion was visible in the meeting of the latter with Hanson, but grief so choked her utterance, that sanguine hope could draw no conclusion to reckon on.

As it was impossible so late to be admitted to Theodore, the benevolence of friendship had longer to endure suspense, a suspense that was beneficial to Eve, as her fatigue, added to the agitation of her mind, rendered her little able to sustain the shock of beholding the man she first loved, and whom even now she regarded with the tenderest affection any other name might warrant, in the abodes of a common
gaol,

gaol, whose gloom alone was terrible ; but how much more dreadful when connected with death, under circumstances so awful !

Her soul shrunk fearfully from the thoughts of bolts and chains, whose dismal clanking already sounded in her ears. But the pallid countenance of Theodore, the trembling eye of suffering, she already fancied turned upon her, almost deprived her of sufficient fortitude once more to speak to her friend, before the fearful day of trial, on which was suspended his fate.

Labouring under so much agitation, it is not to be supposed that sleep presented images of pleasure, or calmed to repose the labouring mind of this daughter of Jerusalem. By turns Theodore and Hanson occupied the moments denied to interrupted slumber. She had long been conscious of the attachment of the latter to her, as every look and every action sufficiently expressed it ; she was not blind to his merits, and the native softness of her heart taught her to pity any who loved. When once a woman beholds with pity the attachment of a man to herself, love is not far from the heart, though circumstances may prevent the extension of its empire. Theodore was lost to her in being already married, and much of her affection naturally reverted to Hanson, who was not undeserving, and who was present to catch every moment of tenderness ; for assuredly the passions

of mankind are wrought on by the present objects, and what love is so refined as to continue its existence, when gratification is irrevocably prescribed, and the object itself removed to a distance. Nevertheless, that certain something, which is not to be described, and which binds us to the object we have once held valuable, suspended the resolution of Eve, and though she was satisfied Theodore would never be nearer to her, though she now did not even wish it, she wavered in her mind, and could not resolve on accepting Hanson.

The result of many hours meditation, was to wait the event of the trial, before she held out to Hanson any encouragement, or allowed him to hope that it might still be in her choice to remain free, or give him her hand, when she should find how the fate of Theodore affected her, it being confined on the points of death, or confinement for life on the statute of insanity. She endeavoured to reconcile her mind to either of these events, and as misfortune when it advances before our sight loses much of its weight, so Eve became calmer as reason had room to reflect.

On the following day, after embracing Theodore, Shechem left to Hanson and Edward the care of his daughter, proposing to ride to the country seat of Squire Cyphon, and endeavour to dive into his intentions, and if possible prevail on him to suffer his son to escape,

escape, should they establish the plea of insanity.

He had rode little more than eight miles, when the chaise overturned on the part of a road which was repairing, and the axle being broke, he was obliged to walk to a little ale-house at half a mile's distance, there to wait till another could be procured, age and infirmity rendering him incapable of sitting a horse.

Whilst he took some refreshment in an upper room, he observed a large savage looking man ride up and dismount; soon after a chaise, attended by three servants well mounted and armed, drew up to the door. He advanced to survey this new comer, not without some suspicion, the inn not being of appearance sufficient to invite the dignified traveller to refresh.

He perceived a middle sized man get out with the help of his servants, on whom he leaned to the house; in his face was observed a deep melancholy beneath a frown, which spread over every feature the darkest gloom; his eye was turned with haste and suspicion on every object, and without knowing why, Shechem immediately concluded it to be Squire Cyphon himself.

A little confused at unexpectedly meeting the man he was going to seek, and whose character of imperious vindiction was imprinted on every lineament of a face, where time and disappointment had made many ravages, he sat down to consider on his line of action.

He suspected some design to be in agitation relative to Theodore, and the first person, whose ill looking visage he disliked, he judged to be the keeper of the mad house. Whilst he sat considering whether or no he should declare himself, he heard them enter the room immediately adjoining, where after some general observations, Squire Cyphon opened the business of their meeting.

“ And so,” said he, “ you see after all my schemes, and that there, this obstinate boy will outwit me at last, and escape from the circle of my power, if we do not contrive some master stroke.”

“ Let me alone, I’ll answer with my neck,” replied the other, “ I have a clever set of fellows that will swear a man’s alive who has been buried these ten years; and besides, looker, I know what’s the go; a few shiners tipped to I know who, to drink his Majesty’s health, will bring it in lunacy, as fair and clever as ere a man in Bedlam.”

“ All

"All that there," returned the tender father, "I know we shall manage, I will spare no expence, and that there, rather than one of the Cyphons should swing on a common gallows. Heaven and death! my name would be eternally blasted. But what I would is this—when we have him again, how shall we keep him, and that? He will break through your securities."

"Trust me, I know a rig worth two of that. Let me have him once again, and he never more sees the blessed light of the sun."

"How do you mean?" said Cyphon, lowering his voice. "You do not intend to make away with him, and that? Though—to be sure, it would be a happiness if he was dead, provided my name was unfulfilled, and my injured honour satisfied. That blow which he gave me in defiance of my will, the opposition he has made, and the degeneracy he has shewn about that strumpet daughter of Hanson, has destroyed all my pity; and yet, and that there.—No, he must not be murdered."

Shechem shuddered at words like these, he could not perceive the countenances of the speakers, and therefore knew not how far the keeper agreed with sentiments so sanguinary, but it not being his place to press any argument of destruction, he seemed to drop the affair,

affair, and turn the discourse to another object.

“I have,” said he, “a scheme in my head, for I’ve a great itch to travel. I intend going to America; now suppose I carry over Theodore, and settle there, you will be for ever freed from him, and I will answer no tales are told.”

The chaise which was intended for Shechem now rolled up to the door; he had lost any inclination for an interview with a man in whom nature was reverted, and rejoicing that accident had given him an insight into intentions he should otherwise have little credited, he hastened back to impart his discovery, and concert with Hanson and Edward some scheme of frustration.

“I rejoice,” said Hanson, “at this fortunate discovery, we shall traverse the designs of the enemy, and permit them to perform for us, what our own want of power is incompetent to. When by their projections Theodore shall be acquitted of the murder, I and his cousin will step forward in the face of the court, and offer ourselves bondsmen for his security. We will party the claims of the father, by declaring that thus will be removed the odium of suspicion from himself, and convince

vince the world that he has acted from upright principles, and not from disappointment and pride.

So flattering a promise seemed to flash like a dawn of hope upon the friends of Theodore, which was the more readily received, as probability appeared in its favour; though, lest some unforeseen event might occur, it was to remain wholly with themselves.

Theodore, as the day of trial advanced, became more collected in himself, he seemed to have acquired a degree of firmness, and ceased to mention Eliza; but as to his intentions they were doubtful, as he sedulously guarded against any expression glancing that way.

As the day drew nigh the resolution of Eve began to falter, she had intended witnessing the trial, but her heart failed, and she found it impossible. She almost wished to return to London, that the certainty might be longer unknown, and would probably have been influenced by this weak argument, had not the presence of Hanson's sisters restrained her, and in some degree supported her drooping spirit.

The

The assizes were begun in the town, and but for the influence of Squire Cyphon the trial of Theodore had been first brought on, his crime being of the highest charge, standing next to treason in the penal law, and equal to it in the law of nature.

CHAP.

CHAP. X.

Yes, I do think you might pardon him,
And neither Heaven nor man grieve at the mercy.

B—,

A TRIAL of so uncommon a nature was matter of universal curiosity and expectation, rumour having already spread the particulars, which touching on the passions of man, few but were convinced of the prisoner's guilt, and yet at the same time earnestly desired his acquittal.

It was not the least extraordinary circumstance attending, that the father should at once be prosecutor against, and counsel for the prisoner, and a vast concourse of people took their places early to be spectators of a scene, at once so solemn and so important. Theodore, dressed in deep mourning, attended by his
three

three friends, entered the court, and, after bowing to the audience, was indulged with a seat, his enfeebled state of health not permitting him to stand. The portrait of his wife, hung in black, depended from his neck. A paleness equal to death spread over his emaciated cheeks, and his eyes seemed not to observe the passing transaction, but to contemplate some matter of superior importance; it was however remarked, when his eye glanced upon his father, that a universal tremor shook him, and that his lips appeared to tremble. The easy dignity he displayed in his behaviour, the deep rooted sorrow which the faintest glance discovered, excited an universal murmur of pity, and many an eye glistened with a tear that did honour to human nature.

Squire Cyphon was seated at a little distance from the bar, an object, perhaps, of equal pity. His features were alternately suffused with the deepest crimson and a carnivorous yellow. A gloomy frown hung perpetually on his brow; he seemed to labour under disease, and a thousand jarring feelings, which alternately elevated and depressed him, and which might be easily mistaken for the emotions of nature, though arising from wounded pride, and tottering domination. Could any circumstance be more galling to a man who was tremblingly alive to all the whispers of pride, to find himself exposed

exposed in a public court of justice to all the calumnies his behaviour justly warranted, and to that universal indignation, every moment ready to be poured out upon him, and which respect for the Court alone held in bounds?

An universal stillness prevailing in the Court, the indictment was read, stating that Theodore Cyphon, not having the fear of God before his eyes, but being instigated by the devil, did, with intent to kill, inflict on the body of his uncle, the late Lord D——, one mortal wound, beneath the left breast, with a poinard, or dagger, of which mortal wound the deceased had died in the space of six hours—Guilty, or not guilty?

Theodore was standing whilst the charge was read, and instantly, to the surprise of all present, pleaded *guilty*. The Counsel then arose, and asking permission first to speak, was allowed the indulgence. “My Lords,” said he, “and you gentlemen of the jury, as I possess incontestible proofs that the prisoner at the bar is *non compos mentis*, and of which this, I think, is sufficient testimony of itself, unsupported by prior facts, I entreat that he be challenged again, and the trial allowed to proceed in form.”

To

To a request so reasonable the Judge bowed assent, and the Recorder again demanded of Theodore, Guilty, or not guilty?—To which he replied, “ Since it is a matter of form wherein truth is not expected, I plead—*Not guilty!*”

The witnesses for the Crown were then sworn, the sum of whose evidence tended to prove that Theodore was a madman. The fortune teller was supposed to be him, from the circumstance of the clothes found in the well, and the ostler's coat, and a pair of shoes in the large drawing room. The pionard, which had been found by a countryman, was produced in Court, where it was proved to have been sold to a stroller, though the person, when now confronted with Theodore, could not swear to his person. The most material evidence was the persons who had guard over Theodoric, who both agreed in saying, that, instantly as they heard the report of the pistol, they burst into the room, and heard distinctly the words, *Theodore, you have killed your uncle*; that they perceived a man without a coat rush out at the opposite door, whom they pursued, but could not overtake in the dark. The next witnesses were the men who had discovered Theodore in the ruins, who stated that when the old woman was apprehended for a witch, and interrogated concerning Theodore, she had, to clear herself from the first suspicion, confessed

essed that he had owned himself as the murderer to her.

Thus the fact was clearly proved, though involved in the mystery of night, and no doubt of the perpetrator could be entertained, especially when the circumstances of his various concealments and disguises were related, which could arise from no other motive than to elude justice.

The evidence of the Crown being closed, the Counsel for the prisoner who was employed by Squire Cyphon, arose, and before he called up any witnesses, desired the attention of the Court.

“ My Lords, and you Gentlemen of the Jury,” said he, “ from facts so plainly established, and so incontrovertibly proved, I shall not attempt to draw your attention; but as no man who has not the power of moral agency can be guilty of a crime, I venture to pronounce that you will find your verdict in favour of the prisoner. It is seldom, in my opinion, a case so clear as the present occurs; where every shadow of doubt must be done away, on an attentive consideration of facts, to which I beg leave to lead you.

“ The

“ The first symptoms of insanity particularly noticed in the unhappy gentleman before you, was in the midst of some private conversation with his father, when he was observed to ramble in his words, and otherwise give testimony of some derangement of intellect, which shortly became so alarming, that it was necessary he should be confined, though even this measure of common safety was not adopted until he had, in the phrenzy of passion, given his father a blow. Yes, Gentlemen, incredible as it appears, that father who had ever attended to his wants, and whom grief at his present situation has brought down to the verge of existence—but who can answer for the fallies of madness?

“ Twice he nearly escaped from a temporary confinement in an upper room, and behaved otherwise so outrageously, that it was judged necessary to send him to Mr. Y——’s private receptacle for lunatics. From that Gentleman, (who is a man of character in his profession) I learn, that, notwithstanding every care, he became so outrageous, that it was dangerous to visit him, and that he once laid violent hands on one of the assistants, bit him severely in the arm, and threatened to tear him into atoms, which was probably only prevented by timely assistance. After this, by an effort of incredible prowess, much beyond the physical power of man, unaided by foreign agency, he broke
in.

in pieces the chain with which he was confined, and made his way through every obstacle.

“ The malady after this wonderful effort, appeared to decrease, and rationality might be said to have again marked his actions. He was received by his uncle Thompson, and after some time renewed acquaintance with a curate who had once been his tutor, and by him was drawn in to marry one of his daughters, with whom it is supposed, antecedent to this period, he had had connections.

“ The unhappy father, lamenting this ruin of his son, on whom he had fixed his hopes, and irritated at the conduct of the curate, who, taking advantage of the weakness of this son, seduced him into a marriage with a daughter, whose favours were not denied to every one, commenced an action against the curate on the statute of *Clandestine Marriage*. I will not trespass on your patience and feelings, by entering on a detail of every minutiae; for pressed as I am by abundance of matter, my difficulty is not to substantiate proofs, but out of so many, to select the most striking.

“ My Lords, I now come to that part of my narrative which touches me with grief, which I am sure must affect every person present, and even compassion will attach

attach itself to the unhappy gentleman at the bar ; for though a person whose intellects are deranged may be incapable of a proper contatenation of reasoning, yet their feelings, when touched in the point where they have associated objects of pleasure, may be as acutely wounded as those of a man in his most perfect state.

“ The daughter of this curate, who I have said before had been by her father compelled to marry, that her disgrace might be concealed, waited only the decease of her parent to fly with her paramour, and had the effrontery to circulate a report, that the late Lord D—— had by violence carried her away.

“ Does not the mind recoil at a falsehood so dreadful? Can it be supposed that a man of so much honour, a man of so much known generosity, would even think of dishonouring the wife of his nephew? I think that a simple statement of the monstrous hypothesis must be a sufficient refutation. But mark its fearful effects on the mind of the unfortunate husband. Once more was tottering reason wholly overthrown, and he was again confined, not by his father, but by the cousin with whom he resided. At length, when nature had exhausted herself, and some dawning of reason again appeared, he conceived the fatal resolution of avenging the fancied injury on his uncle.

“ In

“ In the mind of insanity there is usually but one leading and governing idea, on which perhaps every thought shall be clear, and unfortunately this idea was murder in the object before us. You already know he effected this purpose, that he escaped, and wandered for many months in the woods, and other places; during this time his actions were so very extraordinary, and so far above human effort, that the simple country people believed he dealt with some infernal agent, which is a matter of so much notoriety, that I believe there are few present who cannot remember some of the stories in circulation.

“ In a state of delirium he was admitted into —— workhouse, where, in one of his lucid intervals, he discovered his former wife, but a short time before she expired, in consequence of disease contracted in her illicit connexions.

“ Were it necessary, I have many witnesses to prove the facts I have asserted, but I shall close this statement of particulars by observing, that even the recent act of surrendering himself to justice, after having so carefully fled from its pursuit, must evince undeniably the irregularity of his mind.

“ I would desire gentlemen to consider, what must be the sufferings of his unhappy father,

father, whose brother has been destroyed by his son, and that son the only heir to their illustrious house. Necessitated, in order to gain possession of his son, to come forward in the odious light of a prosecutor of his own child, what must have been his feelings ! Yet no other mode of acting was left him, whilst his sufferings were increased by the reflections circulated against him by unthinking persons. His days have been shortened by grief, his constitution undermined by perpetual alarms, for he knew not but every succeeding hour might bring account of his son's death ; and, finally, what must he suffer in the event of this day ?

“ Gentlemen of the jury, with you it rests to restore to the father the solitary right of superintending the wanderings of his son. Nor can you with safety bring in a man guilty of murder, who had not at the time of the act the command of his reason. As well might a man who was precipitated by some foreign agency down a precipice, be deemed guilty of suicide ; for in the one case, as well as the other, we know that could the will have been exerted, a contrary action would have been chosen.

“ But if the established maxim of philosophy be true, the extension is carried to a wider range. Whoso reasons wrong from right principles, or right from wrong principles, is a madman.*—

Now

* Locke.

Now Theodore in taking upon himself the executive power of justice, (supposing Lord D— to have been guilty) reasoned wrong from right principles, because the law should have been his avenger. Thus he is mathematically demonstrated not to be in his true senses. Besides, it ought not to be forgot, that where justice is doubtful, or even at equipoise, mercy ought to preponderate the beam; and recollect, that by giving your verdict on the side of mercy, you will not hereafter suffer any internal reproach, but may reflect with satisfaction to your latest hour, that you have saved a man morally innocent.

“Remember also, that here the plea of prevention does not occur, you are not going to let loose on mankind a robber, you are going to give to a father the care of his son, misled by a derangement of intellect, under circumstances that require security, and thus he will be as effectually prevented a repetition of an act which I shudder to name, as though your verdict brought him in guilty.

“But he is not guilty. I repeat again, that a man in his situation cannot be guilty. He does not rank under the class of a drunken man, though the intoxicated person may not in fact be guilty of intentional crime, yet as prior to the committal, he voluntarily deprived himself of reason; he knew, or might have known, the consequences of partial insanity, and there-

fore becomes amenable for every crime he may commit under that influence. But here the insanity arises from the visitation of God.—The will is not at all consulted, and I assert, no man can be guilty of any crime, where he had not power to will the contrary. I beg leave now to turn you to those witnesses who will support the facts I have stated, and sit down confident you will give your verdict as reason, justice, mercy, and humanity dictate.”

As several witnesses appeared in court to confirm by their evidence the assertions of the council, one of the jurymen came forward and said, “That they were perfectly satisfied with the statement they had already heard, and did not conceive any additional weight was necessary by accumulating evidence.”

He was interrupted by Théodore, who had hitherto sat overwhelmed with variety of agitations, to counteract which all his powers of resolution were exerted, and now wiping from his eye the solitary tear which nature had conjured up, he bowed respectfully, and desired, before the jury gave in their verdict, he might be permitted to speak.

Leave being given, and every spectator still-
ed by expectation, and scarcely breathing from
anxiety, he pressed his right hand for a mo-
ment on his breast, as if to quiet the tumult
within,

within, and began in a voice clear, yet solemn, and softened by melancholy whilst a faint blush of timidity dyed his cheek.

“ My Lords, and you Gentlemen of the Jury,” said he, “ This day have I witnessed the terrible weakness of human nature, and the moral impossibility of practical justice. Man to decide with impartiality must be created without passion, he must be omniscient ; but whilst the light of human reason gleams on us so faintly, all we have left is to catch at its rays.

“ I have sat still, I have endeavoured to overcome the weakness of human nature, and to triumph above reproach ; but I have discovered that agony yet can reach me. Yes, my Lords, I find I am still a man, and that I yet retain too nice a sense of feeling to let pass unrefuted calumnies of the darkest dye, of the most cruel and malignant nature. What do I suffer, to hear in the face of so many virtuous females, the character of one virtuous and chaste as any here, traduced, and her reputation blasted. For it is an eternal truth, as the able gentleman has already stated, that where the will does not participate, crime cannot attach.

“ Could the depths of infernal darkness have produced a train of more insatiate malice, than

has blazed in this court—for, driven as I am to place before you the character of my wife in its original lustre, I must exhibit to the world a concatenation of circumstances which will recoil on the heads of my persecutors, and blast their names to eternity.”

Here Theodore related the outlines of his story in a manner so interesting, that every eye and every heart that was uninfluenced by his father, felt and accompanied his sufferings with sighs and tears.

“ Thus,” he went on, “ has ethereal purity been blackened and polluted, thus have the sufferings of the virtuous Eliza been brought to prove her criminality, and thus power expected to sweep all before it as a mighty torrent; but I ask pardon for this deviation from the direct subject before us, for though I had been determined to be silent, to meet my fate unresisting, yet having been irritated by so mean an attack, I must in spite of myself heap shame on that man who would stand forward here as the patron of virtue, who has blazoned forth his pretended merits, who has, under the mask of paternal care, persecuted me with a rancour, irreconcilable to the common rules of nature.

“ I have stooped to his power, I have spurned at his vengeance, I have besought his compassion,

passion, I have defied his malice; but only one line of conduct has he preserved towards me, which was to torture me with all the ills his station allowed him to inflict, to destroy for ever every object of human love and affection; and now, when my wife had been violated and *murdered*, I repeat it, murdered by those infamous means, when my son has been consigned to a fatal grave, when I myself have been hunted from one corner of the kingdom to the other: he would again enclose me, under pretence of insanity, in the abodes of groaning nature; that so, shut out from observation, I may languish in secret. But I am not a maniac, my reason is active, and I swear by the Eternal Father of Being, that the crime of which I this day stand charged, was an act of the coolest deliberation and design.

“ Was it madness to travel into Ireland, to sink the traces of my person? Was it madness to disguise myself, and gain as I did an entrance into a house guarded with jealous precaution? Was it madness to elude the pursuits of justice, of parental vengeance, of friendship, and thirst of reward? and even those stories so much insisted on, of supernatural action, must evince the full vigour of reason, which could play upon the follies of mankind.

“ ’Tis true indeed that I have been actually deranged, that my soul was stabbed by the
 I 3 crime

crime of that detestable monster Theodoric! but that effervescence had subsided, and finding the futility of law to restore my wife her purity, to give my son again to existence, and Mr. Hanson from the grave, I coolly determined to be my own avenger, and level the tyrant to his native sod.

“ It has been said he was innocent, that a man of so much *honour*, so much *generosity*, would not dishonour the wife of his nephew. But where was honour, where was generosity, when the Hansons were driven from their humble shed? When the young man who stands there was sold to the East-India Company as a common soldier, dragged as a slave from the burning sands of Africa, and consigned to the markets of the East? And where, I demand, was conscious innocence, when this Theodoric, unacquainted with my intentions, ignorant that I was even released from the confinement of delirium, held in pay men to watch over and guard him—from what? from the haunts of an evil conscience, or the phantoms of frenzy? no, but from the hands of an injured husband, from the arm of secret justice he knew he had merited. He knew that no other form could touch him; like a tyrant he laughed at justice, and at law, but what precaution could protect him from the silent assassin?

“ Perhaps it may be considered an act of mercy to give number to my days, but now it would

would be the greatest cruelty, as well as an outrage of the law. Already I have been a sacrifice to unmerited confinement, the barbarous commands of a father loaded me with chains, and gave me to the hands of men inured to the greatest crimes. I was hurried into this confinement to revenge an accidental blow; for had I been insane, would not means of recovery have been resorted to? Would the tender and mourning father, such as mine has been represented, have consigned his only son to a dungeon, had he been mad, without first calling in the assistance of the faculty? But none of this was done, and those proofs of my superior strength, were not the efforts of insanity, but the exertions of youth to regain its freedom, and spurn at the iron hand of power.

“It has been said that Mr. Hanson seduced me into marriage with the daughter. No, Sirs, Mr. Hanson was a man of uprightness. I extorted from him his consent; circumstances urged me to hazard the happiness of a man I loved; but he fell a sacrifice to the machinations of dignified villains, to an act which nullifies itself.

“The Honourable Counsel, whom I conceive to have been imposed on by specious pretexts, has stated to you the hypothesis, that a man who reasons wrong from right principles is a madman; he has told you that this opens an extensive range,—wide and universal indeed would be the

influence of such a principle, there is not a crime beneath the heavens, but would receive from it a sanction. The robber reasons wrong from right principles. His principle is to supply himself the comforts of life, but his reasoning is erroneous, when it leads him to force. I myself sought retribution for a crime, for an injury nothing in nature could repair; this was a right principle, but I reasoned wrong in taking to myself private justice, because were that allowed, society would be destroyed, but this cannot argue me insane. Ministers, merchants, shopkeepers, and every individual member of community, either reason wrong from right principles, or right from wrong principles; thus if you condemn me on this dogma, you pronounce the sentence of insanity on the whole race of man. Indeed a latitude may be allowed, if we place ourselves on the basis of reason; then we may be said to be universally mad—but if we consider the clash of various passions, the influence of self interest, we shall find that those actions which mark universal insanity, are only erroneous deductions from right principles.

“ Perhaps to entreat you to divest yourselves of mistaken pity, would be to ask you to cast aside the feelings of human nature, for where is the heart which beats not at the destruction of a woman, beautiful as the fairest daughter of Eve, who sits before you? Modest as the vestal virgin, and united to the man she loved from the moment passion had a name. To say she was undone is a phrase unequal to the meaning.
Was

Was there ever a crime of deeper malignity, of cooler cruelty, which has sullied the annals of man, than the present before you? Ye fathers, ye mothers, whose nightly dreams are the welfare of your daughters, whose daily delight is to mark their progress in blooming maturity, what would be your feelings at seeing the tender object of every anxiety torn from your arms, blasted by vile contamination, thrown amongst the lowest dregs of society? Would you retain the common routine of reason, to visit in the hovel of indigent obscurity this object of your affections, and see her on the verge of existence, deformed by disease, broke down by despair? Ye brothers, ye sisters, what would be the reflections of your minds at such a deed? But above all, ye lovers, ye young men who exist but in the well being of the maids ye have chosen, what would ye endure to see all this in the woman of your soul's selection? To see those features ye adored a prey to corroding humours, to see death already devour the object of your love? Yet all this have I endured, all this have I suffered, and I know that my crime will in your eyes become a virtue, and ye will no longer accuse me of madness, in taking on myself the task of vengeance.

“ I have been hurried by my feelings beyond my intentions, my spirits have suffered uncommon agitation, and nature bids me spare reproaches on the man who sits before you. Not that the name of father can touch me, after all that I have suffered from his hand; but I observe

that passion has already spent its fury on him. I see that tranquillity has for ever forsaken him, and that the rebut of all his schemes has perhaps pierced him as deeply as the callosity of his feelings could suffer. My soul was formed to exercise the duties of a son. I should fondly have served him with filial affection, had his pride allowed me a trifling indulgence. What is it gives the boasted superiority to rank? Is it the bubble of a name, which like a globule of air glitters in the eye, but is nothing? Is it possession of wealth, or exaltation of intellect?

“ You Gentlemen of the Jury, I would remind of your duty. You have pledged yourselves to your country, and before the Principle of eternal truth, to give your verdict to the best of your judgment, without favour of any. Now, if you are convinced that at the time I stabbed Theodoric I was insane, you must pronounce accordingly; but if by my present statement of facts, if by the clear and succinct account I have given you, if by my solemn appeal, that I was cool and deliberate in the act, you are satisfied I was not mad; for passion is not madness, thirst of revenge is not madness, in both these cases we retain the power of willing, you must pronounce me guilty—you have no subterfuge to give room for what you may think mercy. You cannot acquit yourselves before God and the law, to whom you are pledged, and however harsh the sentence, you must pronounce it.”

A universal

A universal murmur for some time impeded the progress of the court, sighs and sobs spoke the feelings of the ladies, and even the stern hardness of man was seen to melt. Squire Cyphon, unable to stand the looks and frowns of the spectators, retired through a general hiss, which the Judges in vain endeavoured to suppress, by declaring it outraged the solemnity of the Court.

Shechem, too much affected to wait the sentence of the Jury, retired attended by Edward, but Hanson, whose feelings at the recapitulation of his sister's sufferings, had been stimulated to a repetition of vows of revenge, waited with a deep frown of determination on his brow, and vengeance rankling in his heart.

The Judge, when the tumult subsided, addressed the Jury; he observed "that never had he witnessed a trial so peculiar, where the father was at once prosecutor and counsel, and the son counsel against himself, and against the father. He lamented that the law pointed to so dreadful a punishment, for a crime which commonly taken was of the deepest dye, but as it now came before them, had lost much of its criminality. As every doubt of Theodore's not being the perpetrator of the act was done away, their verdict solely hinged on the plea of insanity; for his part he had no doubt of the prisoner's being in his right mind, and considering him a man who had lost every relish for existence,

existence, their feelings would be less wounded at doing their duty, if they considered it their duty to condemn him."

The Jury then retiring, a most painful suspense held every person present. Many ladies no longer able to sustain it withdrew, whilst others entreated him to accept some fruit, part of which was also offered to Hanson, every one being willing to bestow some mark of favour.

In better than three quarters of an hour the Jury returned; a deep dejection was marked on their countenance, and after a moment's hesitation, the foreman in a voice that faltered as he spoke, pronounced Theodore **GUILTY** of the death of Lord D—.

"Not guilty, by heaven," cried several voices from the gallery.—"Justice, justice," cried many others, "Where is the justice of hanging a man for revenging so infamous an injury?" The whole place became a scene of confusion, many of the female sex fainted away, an universal discontent prevailed, so much indeed that the Judge feared some act of outrage to rescue the prisoner.

In the midst of this tumult Theodore again arose, he begged to be heard, though he had no right, and silence being at length established,

OR

or interrupted by faint murmurs and under sobs, he began by turning round to the Jury.

“Gentlemen,” said he, “I return you my sincere thanks; you have eased me of a grievous burden, for to me existence was become of all things most painful. You have shewn that your love of justice is superior to pity, and I perceive the difficulty you have had to act up to the line of rectitude as you ought. As to you, my friends, (bowing to the audience) I wonder not at your feelings, it gives me pleasure to see that human nature yet can distinguish the language of truth from sophistry, and conscious that with you the character of Eliza is vindicated, my present situation is far from intolerable. May the lesson you have this day received influence your actions to the latest moments of your existence. This sentence you so much deprecate, is to me the tidings of peace, for I will confess to you, that gloomy ideas of self-destruction have often obtruded themselves, and if I have resisted them, it was not owing to common place arguments, but merely from doubt.— This is a point on which the most ingenious of human reasonings must ever rest as speculation, and I consider it the part of wisdom not to run unnecessary hazard, where so much depended on the cast. From this uncertainty I am now liberated, I shall escape every future persecution, and suffer the penalties of that law I have outraged. I sincerely thank you all for your interest in my welfare, and recommend to whom it may concern, to restrain the passions.”

After

After this address he was permitted to return to his dungeon, to which he was attended by Hanson, who then left him, to communicate to his friends the fatal event. He found that the evil tidings had already preceded him, and the deepest sorrow fixed upon them, but more especially the grief of Eve claimed his attention. Inconsolable by the voice and endearments of her father, she could with difficulty be preserved from fainting, and when Hanson entered, he found her sitting on the sofa, supported on one side by his weeping sister, on the other by the sorrowful Jew. Their eyes alone communicated the language of their minds, it being impossible to give utterance to common expressions of grief. Hanson ventured in silence to take the hand of Eve and press it to his lips, but she withdrew it in haste, and in a manner that filled him with dismay.

He cast his eyes upon his sisters, who were overwhelmed in tears, he was hurt at the behaviour of Eve, which wounded his feelings, and giving loose to variety of passions which at once flushed upon him, he determined no longer to delay his intended interview with Squire Cyphon, whom he had vowed to bring to a severe account, and now hastened to put his project in execution.

CHAP.

CHAP. XII.

Let darkness overshadow it. Yea, let the clouds
of night enwrap it, and nature tremble.

THE gloomy frown which suddenly overcast the brow of Hanson as he hastened from the room, raised suspicion in the mind of Edward, and terrified Eve. "I am wrong," said she, "in receiving him so. O my friend, if you knew the agitation of my mind, you would not wonder at my inconsistency. I scarcely know what I do. But run, I beg, dear Edward—prevent if possible any mischief between Hanson and Cyphon, for I very much suspect, from some hints I have heard, and the present manner of his behaviour, that a purpose of revenge has hurried him away."

Edward was of the same opinion, though all his apprehensions turned on the safety of Hanson, who he feared might fall by the treachery of his adversary; he therefore hastened out, not so
much

much with intention to prevent the rencounter, if he found such the purpose of his friend, as providing against unfair advantages.

The trial had continued till late in the evening, so that it was now perfectly dark, involving Eve in a state of fearful suspense, which every moment increased. The benevolent Jew, whilst his own feelings were severely wounded, endeavoured to pour hope into the bosom of his afflicted daughter, but he found the inefficacy of words, when grief preys upon the mind, and perhaps he did not advance his expectations of future good, with that confidence which could gain attention from one labouring under immediate and suspended evil.

The mind of Eve was divided and distracted, she felt a great degree of attachment to Hanson, but the company of the broken spirited Theodore had revived in her those ideas, which ever occur at sight of the object of a first passion. Moralists may define, and metaphysicians may deduce, but human nature will still retain its principles, in spite of every fine drawn theory. It is therefore possible the affections may suspend between two objects, it is therefore not unnatural that Eve, at sight of Theodore, and though attached to Hanson, should find much of her former affections return, and hesitate to resolve.

It cannot be said that she was influenced by the most distant hope of union; she beheld Theodore
on

on the brink of an ignominious grave, to him therefore she could be only tied by the indescribable fascination of love ; a sentiment of delicacy also had some influence. She fancied accepting the addresses of Hanson, under so peculiar a situation, would appear like a determination to have some one, and in fact she could not resolve to take one man for her husband, whilst she was conscious of a partiality for another, though that other should be even mouldering in the grave.

Animated with this sentiment, she had abruptly withdrawn her hand from Hanson, and as instantly repented when she observed the change in his countenance. He had not deserved this capricious behaviour, she was conscious of having allowed him to hope, she saw that he loved her, and she sickened at a situation so strangely embarrassing. But now, as the hours passed away without the return of the friends, she began to reproach herself with having hurried him to some act of violence, that might perhaps have been wholly prevented, had she not by her inconsistent behaviour irritated that anger, but too much enkindled before. Her father would have persuaded her to retire to rest, but her mind was too much agitated, and every hour seemed lengthened beyond its accustomed duration. Two o'clock had already been struck by a neighbouring church clock, but neither signs nor sounds of their approach drew nigh, and she could no longer refrain expressing the extent of her fears.

Shechem

Shechem endeavoured to reason with her apprehensions, by representing the probability of their having gone to Theodore, to pass with him as much time as his sentence would allow. "For if," said he, "Hanson had entertained those designs thou apprehendest, this is not the time, neither do I think Cyphon would be prevailed on by any instigation to hazard his life; let us not then wrest into evil what perhaps is only a common oversight, and at any rate there is Edward to prevent treachery. But tell me, my darling, (went he on, for he was desirous to engage her attention in conversation) am not I right in conjecture, when I suppose thee to have transferred to Hanson, those affections which once were Theodore's?"

"Alas!" replied she, "where is the signification of my affections? Theodore is condemned, and Hanson, for aught I know, is by this time murdered."

"You raise up," said the Jew, "images of terror, that only exist in fancy; this late hour, the solemn stillness of the night, and the train of misfortunes we have witnessed, is sufficient to excite ideas of melancholy, but let us trust that no new accident hath happened."

The clattering of horses' feet now interrupted them, and excited their attention, but passing by they felt the full force of the disappointment, tears

tears started from the eyes of Eve, who half overcome by drowsiness, which bent down her eyelids, rested her head upon the edge of the table, sinking into a kind of reverie.

Shechem, pleased to see that nature in some measure exerted her influence, arose and opening the window, leaned out to look for the return of Hanson and Edward. He had no belief in their supposed visit to Theodore.—Edward having left them expressly to bring news of Hanson. The number of hours already elapsed inspired in him fearful forebodings that some accident must have happened to one or both. Three and four o'clock had struck, but no person appeared, and Shechem found himself completely miserable; he had remained at the window, that he might not interrupt the slumber of his daughter, the candle was burnt down to the socket, and a streak of morning dawned at a distance. What, thought he, is man in this life of perpetual care, what an insignificant miserable being; what with his actual ills, retrospections of past, and anticipations of future, he seems destined to a circumvolution of suffering.

At this moment he perceived a man walking hastily down the town; he was unable to distinguish exactly who it was by the light, though he believed it to be Edward. He beckoned to Shechem, who hastened with as little noise as possible

possible to admit him, presaging some accident from his returning alone.

The house they occupied had been hired for their use, so that Shechem conducted him into the parlour, and had he been a man unaccustomed to the sudden emergencies of fortune, he would have been unable to stand the shock of his appearance; but Shechem, though he could feel the most trivial of human distresses, possessed a soul which was calm amidst the widest devastation, and collected amidst universal destruction.

He perceived that the cloaths of Edward were stained with blood, that he had lost his hat, and that a handkerchief was bound round his forehead; he had also in his hand a naked sword, and appeared exhausted with fatigue; nevertheless, the descendant of Abraham commanding his feelings, enquired what was become of Hanson, and how he came in such a condition?

"I have scarcely," he replied, "two minutes to say, what can hardly be repeated in two hours—Hanson is desperately wounded, and is now at the Red Dragon, on——road. I must, if possible, see my wife for a minute, and yet I fear to shock her by this condition."

"Why should you see her?" said Shechem, "You had better retire to your chamber, and let me send for a surgeon."

"I believe,"

"I believe," he replied, "I am in no danger from these scratches, but I must quit the kingdom, as I have killed the keeper of the madhouse in a duel, and I wish to reconcile Sophia to follow me."

"Attend, I beg," said Shechem, suppressing his surprize, "this is indeed an emergency of moment, and will be too much for your wife, who has not long been laid down. I myself will endeavour to soften it to her, and if it is possible, make the most of your time in flying to France, from whence you may write, and she can then follow you in safety."

As this advice appeared most rational, Edward hastily changed his cloaths, and accepting of Shechem a sufficient supply to defray his expences, in less than half an hour quitted the town, leaving a short note for his wife. This sudden transaction over, Shechem stood for some minutes as much confounded as if he had seen an apparition; so many claims now crowded to his attention, that he knew not to which first to attend. He saw the necessity of hastening to Hanson, but how could he break the matter to his daughter, and to Sophia, yet this must instantly be done, and with a heavy heart he ascended the stairs.

Eve had just started from the interrupted doze, into which she had fallen, and was rising with
terror

terror to enquire after her father when he entered the room. He advanced, and took her hand, then stopped, unable to say what he knew would so greatly distress her.

“I perceive,” said she, calmly, “you have something bad to tell me, but I had a dream that has composed me to suffer all the inflictions of Providence. I will learn no more to repine, and receive with fortitude whatever is prepared me.”

“Then,” cried Shechem, “kissing her, thou art my daughter, and the blessing of the God of Abraham, Isaac, and Jacob, rest upon thee.—Prepare for yet another trial, and abide the event in patient resignation.”

She was silent, and he went on to inform her all he had heard, commending to her care the discovery to Sophia and her sister, whilst he proceeded to Hanford, whose situation he encouraged her to hope was not much worse than that of Edward.

“I will confess,” said she, speaking through the tears, which in defiance of her boasted strength gushed from her eyes, “that I am more satisfied with certainty than suspense, as I had every thing to fear from a character so savage as Squire Cyphon’s. You know not the
dismal

dismal images that haunted my fancy, and made me miserable indeed. I feel that now I have more than ordinary courage arising to combat this new distress, and surely some portion of Theodore's spirit rests upon me."

Shechem smiled at this enthusiasm of expression, and glad to see that in the moment of trial, energy had taken place of feminine weakness, he again saluted her; then hobbled from the house to the inn, where he hired a chaise, to convey him to the Red Dragon.

When Edward had sallied out after his friend, he hastened instantly to the inn where he knew Squire Cyphon had put up, wisely considering that the most obvious point of Hanson's intention. He learnt on enquiry that Cyphon was already gone, and whilst he was ordering some wine from the hostess, with intent to watch the arrival of his friend, Hanson entered with a stern ferocity on his countenance, sufficiently indicative of the desperation of his purpose. He started back at sight of Edward, and was hastening away, but the latter following took him by the arm, easily restraining the slightest efforts he made to escape.

"We were all alarmed," said Edward, "at your abrupt departure. What purpose can bring you to this place, when we so much require

require your presence to sustain us under the evil of Theodore's condemnation."

"Leave me, I conjure you," cried Hanson, "my purpose is fixed, and is the voice of honour."

"I understand," replied Edward, "I know you have intention to call Cyphon to account, but this is neither the time nor the place. Besides, how on the eve of Theodore's dreadful fate, can you think of putting your design into execution? How much will it embitter his last moments, to know that either his father or his brother have suffered by the hand of the other! Besides, how can you leave Eve on the tortures of suspense, such as your absence must give her."

"My absence!" cried he, peevishly, "'Tis a pleasure, I am hateful to her sight, I know she despises me, and I care not what may be the issue of this duel. I will by heaven and earth, I will attempt to avenge the wrongs of my father, my mother, my sister, and my friend. Their united voice demands it of me; and all the dastardly arguments of cowards cannot wrest my purpose."

"You

"You mistake widely," replied Edward, with emphasis, "I offer no argument from fear, but is it reason to put in the power of chance a life so valuable, and that against a villain, who is unworthy honourable treatment?"

"'Tis very well," replied Hanson, "those arguments may be reasonable and philosophical, but I am not the man to be trod on without turning. If the law could give me restitution it were otherwise, but this is wholly out of its consideration, and I swear by the spirit of my father, his destroyer shall not exult in safety. Return then, Edward, go to the company of women, and reconcile them to any event by your cool maxims; but I have not traversed the burning sands of Arabia, and plundered with the ferocious and blood-thirsty robber of the desert, to stand a tame spectator when my friends and my relations are swept away before my eyes."

This speech had its effect upon Edward, he was indeed cooler and more prudent than Hanson, but he possessed courage and resolution, and was besides somewhat piqued at the insinuations thrown out. "Since," said he, "your purpose is fixed, and as this is not a petty quarrel at a brothel or gaming-house, but to send punishment where common modes

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cannot

cannot reach, command me to the last drop of my blood."

"Well said, my brave fellow!" cried Hanson, "You are now worthy to be my companion in a cause so noble, and now let us instantly set about this glorious task."

Edward returned to the inn to make further enquiry into the route Cyphon had taken, whilst Hanson hastened to a riding house to procure horses, having already provided pistols and a sword. These latter accoutrements Edward found means to procure for himself, and then hastened to the place of rendezvous, from whence they followed the track of their enemies.

It had been some time dark before they set out, so that they had no assurance of overtaking them, but in the supposition of their own safety, which would probably keep them in the high road, so long as it continued towards Cyphon's residence. The night was extremely dark, not a single star shone through the mass of the clouds to direct them, but inspired by the spirit of valour, they rode forward at full speed, without attending to the road. In about an hour they reached an inn, where they had the satisfaction to learn that they chaise had changed horses not more than twenty minutes before them.

them. Not waiting an instant for further enquiry, they spurred forward, often fancying they could distinguish the rattling of a carriage at a distance, which served to encrease their ardour.

They now came to a part of the road which dividing involved them in doubt, the one appearing to be the main road by its breadth, but branching away in an opposite direction to that of Cyphon's abode; the other was a dark lane, overhung with oaks and elms, whose branches interwove, rendered the gloom more impervious.

"The villain," cried Hanson, "loves the regions of darkness, we shall therefore probably find him in a road, dismal enough for a conduction to Pandemonium."

On this supposition they turned down the lane, into tenfold darkness, and owing to the unevenness of the turf were often nearly thrown from their horses. One advantage they perceived in the softness of the road, it preventing the clattering of their horses sounding the alarm, though at the same time it also sunk the rattling of any carriage at a distance.

They continued in this gloomy lane without any addition of hope, till they arrived at a ford of water of considerable depth. Whilst they were endeavouring to discover the most passable place, they could distinguish on the breeze which floated down the lane, the voices of several men, and Hanson even fancied he could trace Cyphon and the keeper.

Considerations of personal safety were instantly forgot, their horses were plunged into the stream, and out of breath with the exertion of swimming, were spurred forward by the impetuosity of the riders. In less than three minutes they came up to a carriage, which might have escaped in the dark, but for the voices of the persons around it. Their numbers were not taken into consideration. Hanson rode up to the door to examine who were there, whilst Edward prevented the driver proceeding.

"Here, here," cried a person, Hanson instantly knew to be his enemy. "Take my purse, and all that, and let us go on, for heaven's sake."

"No, no," replied Hanson in fury, "Villain, I know you. I am no robber. You are the vile
vile

vile plunderer, the legalized destroyer. I am Hanson. I am the man whom you sold for a slave, whom you sent to fight the battles of injustice—whose father you destroyed—whose sister you have polluted—Do you know me now? I am come to demand the retribution for your crimes. Prepare then instantly. I give you the advantage of a man."

The keeper, who was a passionate brutish fellow, at this address, without speaking, discharged a pistol through the carriage window, but without mischief, his aim being taken at guests. Meanwhile Cyphon called loudly, with curses and threats, on the driver to proceed, who spurred his horse, and exercised his whip. Edward, who was not to be trifled with, brought him to the ground with a severe stroke on the head, and hastened up to the carriage with a pistol cocked, to revenge the fire of the keeper, but the servant who was behind coming up, and attempting to grapple Edward, received the contents in his shoulder.

With cool intrepidity Edward wheeled round to the opposite side of the carriage. Hanson opened the door where he stood, vowing if the coward soul of Cyphon durst not give him the satisfaction of honourable terms, he would shoot him as he sat.

This menace aroused the dormant ferocity of Cyphon, his imperious spirit instantly caught fire, and grasping at his arms, he cried out, "Wretch that thou art, insignificant germ of a maggot, stand by, and tremble at my wrath. Who art thou that darest thy sacrilegious hand against a descendant of the Cyphons, thou who art unworthy to breathe the same air?"

A volley of curses were vented on the part of the keeper, whose notions of honour were savage violence. The laws of equality were with him the laws of folly, for he considered that when a man stood still to receive the fire of his adversary, if killed, he should lose his turn; he therefore hastened to procure himself the priority, at the instant when Cyphon descended from the chaise, in acceptance of the challenge of Hanson, which however his fears prompted, his sense of dignity would not permit him to refuse. The keeper threw open the door on his side, and with an imprecation fired at Edward. The ball grazed along his forehead, and feeling himself wounded as well as irritated by so treacherous a proceeding, he instantly fired, then dashing his pistol in an aim the flash had given him, he leaped from his horse, running sword in hand to cut down the keeper.

This man, who had been familiar in actions of blood, but did not expect so vigorous an assault,

assault, darted at the same instant from the carriage, armed with a broad sword, which he used at random in the dark. It was impossible to attempt coolly to parry a thrust, when it could not be seen, and therefore Edward striking in a sloped direction with his sword, to turn aside any blow that might be coming, closed with his adversary, and shortening his point, stabbed him twice into the body, at which the keeper fell down with a groan and expired.

In the mean time Hanson and Cyphon had taken the ground at random, and fired their first shot, without taking place, but the momentary illumination discovering their position, their second fire had an equal effect, both being dangerously wounded.

“ I have received your fire,” cried Hanson, “ but I am not satisfied. The crimes you have committed are not yet expiated, and I defy you to continue the combat till you either own yourself the blackest monster the earth suffers on its groaning bosom, or till we both fall.”

“ Worm !” cried Cyphon, in choler, “ Insignificant brat of a three-halfpenny curate, a fellow whom I turned out for rent ; What wast thou ? Did not I send thee to school, and pay for thy education ? but chance

has made you an upstart, and all that. Know, that one drop of the blood of the Cyphon's, is more valuable than all that ever flowed in the dirty veins of thy whole generation since the days of Adam, and yet thou dar'st defy me."

"Miserable self-created being of non-importance," replied Hanson, in a tone of the deepest contempt: "Of what value is thy boasted birth, since it only gave the power to be a villain? Of what value is thy existence to mankind, when no eye will weep at thy death? And of what value is thy mighty ancestry, when the last of those illustrious personages shall, the day after to-morrow, be hanged like a dog, or common thief?"

This reproach was too much for the keen pride of Cyphon; bursting with rage he cried out to Hanson to make ready, swearing that he would stand his fire, whilst a nerve gave him strength to draw the trigger.

In this temper they charged and fired at the same time, with the most inveterate animosity, but both being again wounded, they sunk upon the ground.

Edward,

Edward, though cut in several places of his arm, now came up, and raising his friend from the ground, supported him to his horse, which he mounted with extreme difficulty.

The servants at the same time busied themselves, as well as their wounds would permit, in placing their master in the carriage, who vowed to prosecute with all the thunder of the law, the outrage he had suffered.

Faint with loss of blood, Hanson was conducted at an easy pace to the Red Dragon, where he was admitted to a bed, and as any delay might be fatal, Edward slightly bound up his hand and arm, and mounting a fresh horse, hastened to send a surgeon, and acquaint his friends with this event.

CHAP. XIII.

When you have thought on this, then answer me,
If these be hours of courtship?

OEDIPUS.

WHEN Bensadi arrived at the Red Dragon, he found a surgeon attending in the room where Hanson lay, who had suffered so much from loss of blood, that it was deemed dangerous to attempt extracting the balls, until rest should in some degree have fitted him for exertion.

“I am something satisfied,” said he to the Jew, that I have revenged my injuries on the head of the old tyrant. I shall now be willing to die.”

“How so,” demanded Shechem? “Were I in thy situation I should desire to live.”

“This

"This is not the time," replied he, "to stand on punctilio. I will candidly own then, that I have long loved your daughter, but her passion for Theodore prevents her partiality for me. I am hurt at her coolness. I see she cannot return my affection, and without her I do not desire to live."

"I believe thou mayest think so at present," answered Shechem, "and that thou lovest my daughter by thy melancholy accents; but dost thou not know that even if she could return thy affection, thou art a christian?"

"No," replied Hanson, "I am not a christian, unless being born in Christendom constitutes me such. My religion is universal, it embraces all sects, countries, and tongues.—'Tis the religion of reason, and as to the various modes of expression in England, I can listen with attention to the national faith—at Smyrna and Jerusalem to the law of Moses—in Arabia to that of Mahomet—and I do not see why, because I do not think exactly like another, that the affairs of life should be retarded."

Shechem smiled. "Well," said he, "this is my daughter's business, with her you must settle it."

After

After some time the surgeon entered, and having procured other assistance, he proposed to probe the wounds, which operation the feelings of the Jew not being familiar with, he retired to a private room to reflect, and to prop up falling nature by a slight refreshment.

Hanson being much exhausted by the torture he underwent, was for a time relieved by a restorative cordial and an opiate, being then left to the protection of the nurse. In the mean time Shechem walked in the garden, and listened to the bells which proclaimed to the glad peasants that it was Sunday. He sat down on the bank, and his benevolence was gratified in beholding the gay sons and daughters of labour, with sun-burnt faces and gaudy coloured dresses, hastening to the churches, to visit some lover or relation. Yet, thought he, some self stiled philosophers*, men who know not the heat and burden of the day, would destroy this excellent institution, because it robs the nation of a seventh of its labour. Is man then become a slave? Is the meal of the next hour only to be provided with the drudgery of the present? This indeed is too generally the case, but let us see the benefits arising from this addition of national labour. Why then the poor would earn more, would be able to pay more taxes, and a few might then ride in their coaches, who now walk on foot.

* Some modern Reformers who talk of Liberty.

It must be confessed this was a Jewish reflection, and diverted from striking itself farther by the arrival of a chaise, which brought Eve, and the sisters of Hanson, to the Red Dragon. Shechem would have attempted to rally this visit of his daughter, but he found that this was not a time, and that his spirits were far too low. He received them with his wonted smile of goodness, and attempted to cheer the fears of Sophia, who was greatly afflicted at the sudden departure of her husband, and would immediately have followed him, had she been acquainted with his route.

So many interests now demanded the attention of Shechem, that he knew not which to attend to first, for however his care might be required by those around him, his thoughts returned to the unhappy Theodore, immersed in the dungeons of condemnation, and left to all the misery and solitary reflection, with the speedy prospect of to-morrow's arrival, when he was doomed to make retribution to the laws of his country, and plunge into the vortex of dark uncertainty. A picture like this could not fail affecting the mind of the Jew; he saw no danger that could attend committing to the care of his daughter and Hanson's sisters, the care of their wounded brother; and he determined to hasten to Theodore, whose spirits he knew must droop at this seeming neglect.

He

He imparted to them his intention, and desired that Hanson might not be disturbed, as his present weakness rendered any agitation extremely dangerous ; but though Eve would have been the last person to retard his cure, she yet could not forbear, after her father's departure, stealing a visit to the sick room, to convince herself from observation of the true state of the patient.

She had been informed that he was fallen into a doze, and that the nurse remained alone with him. She wisely considered that though her entrance might not interrupt his sleep, being accompanied by his sisters might, she therefore slipped away from them, and was admitted by the nurse, who endeavoured in a low voice to satisfy her enquiries.

The entrance of Eve had not been so silent as to escape the notice of Hanson, who started at the most trifling sound, and turning round he raised his eyes on the object he least expected to see.

“ Leave me,” said he, faintly, “ Suffer me, too lovely Eve, to die in peace, since I am the object of your hatred.”

“ I hate

"I hate you!" said Eve, with simplicity.
"No, very far from it, Hanson."

"How!" cried he, with more spirit than he could have been supposed to possess, "Am I then so blessed, am I then loved by the charming, the excellent Eve?"

"I did not say so, replied she, blushing.
"Is there no medium between love and hatred?"

"True," said he, "very true, I once thought your friendship alone could make me blessed, but I am glad that I shall soon be no more, since your affections cannot receive a warmer impression. Ah! lovely Eve, what shall I say? For whilst I would endeavour to explain to you the fervour of my love, my ardent desires, I feel that I shall perhaps very shortly be incapable of action, and like Theodore, leave this earth, unblest by the society of the woman, on whom my soul doated to delight—to misery."

A picture like this, expressions so sad from the man, who at least was equal in heart to any other, instantly fixed the hesitating reason of Eve; and giving way to the sudden impression it had made upon her, she burst into
tears,

tears, and sat down on a chair beside the bed.

“Live, I beseech you,” said she, in a voice scarcely audible for tears, “I will not disguise to you my weakness. Yes, Hanson, you are dear to me, but you know that I loved Theodore—you know his virtues—you know his terrible situation at this hour. Can I then give encouragement to love? Can I accept another, whilst he lies under sentence of death? Pity me, Hanson, judge of my distressed mind, and spare me. This confession ought to content you. Your resemblance to Theodore was the first attraction you possessed. Live then, but allow me time to overcome the agitation which distracts me.”

“Excellent girl,” replied he, “pardon me—overlook my selfishness—allow me a prospect of hope, and I am contented. I will endeavour to live since you wish it, and trust my desires to your generosity.”

Here the nurse interposed, in regard to her patient, and Eve willingly retired, for she felt so much confusion at the confession she had made, that she wished to retire to reflect, and satisfy herself that her actions were consistent with decorum.

Shechem

Shechem found Theodore firm and collected, though sunk in the profoundest melancholy. He qualified as much as consistency permitted, the action between Hanson and his father, and would wholly have suppressed it, had any other excuse presented to account for their absence and neglect, in not bidding him a last adieu.

“ I have considered,” replied Theodore, “ that in the most enviable situation, there is little for us to desire to live ; but when I look into the more humble stations, I see much for us to desire to die. This new transaction has confirmed my opinion, and I almost pity those whom I shall leave behind me. I have in the meditations of the night run over the state of man, from his most savage existence, to what is termed his refined mode of civilized life, but I find the view equally dark, and that blood and vice are the colourings of the picture. What is called still life, is a life of toil ; and the envied station of the rich and the noble, is corroded by jealousies, and destroyed by jarring passions. The insatiate appetite of self-interest is universally predominant ; and natural as it is, such is the ill construction of this world, that it cannot be satisfied in one, without advancing on the rights of another ; even Nature herself, in all her varied degrees of existence, is imperfect. One class is alone called into being by the destruction of another. Man thrives on the plunder

der of man, and one animal engorges another. The plants spring up, wither, and die, then becoming manure to others, and the very elements destroy and produce each other. As members then of this universal mass of corruption, I know not whether it is wisdom to desire to be, or not to be."

"You have plunged me," said Shechem, "into a vast labyrinth of disquisition, where the light of human intellect is inadequate to illumine or to guide, and where every speculation must lead to the mazes of doubt. I cannot then pronounce with decision, but this I can think, that if man is confined to this terrestrial habitation, if the limits of his existence are no farther extended than while he gropes about on the surface of the earth, he is of all animals the most miserable, and the transcendent gift, the mighty prerogative of reason, is but a mode of torment."

"I have," replied Theodore, "in situations where no human eye could penetrate, retired from life and from man. I have shut up my soul in the chambers of reflective reason, and given loose to my doubts. I have even been on the point of concluding with the materialist, that all is the fruition of chance, and that the soul and body are one and indivisible, and must perish together. But when I remembered that

that no effect can be produced without a cause, I followed up the chain to the commencement of creation; and thus I said, if there be no Creator, how came this harmony of parts, for chance must have produced confusion. The attributes of matter are extension, gravitation, and attraction; with these properties the various worlds must have sunk into the bottom (if I may say so) of the vacuum, and by force of attraction been united in a mass. How comes it then that they revolve in unceasing and unvarying ecliptics? If chance produced men, and animals, and plants, why does not chance now produce them? Why do they not spring up spontaneously in our fields and woods? There must have been a first of each, whence, when, and how were they produced by chance? Thus I beheld design, and beheld a God. Again, for the argument was specious, that our soul and body was the same, I reflected that if *one*, the vital spirit must fly off and decay, the same as the body, and therefore in a course of years not one particle remain the same; thus the next moment I should be a different being, and the soul of a year hence could not be punished for a crime committed by the soul of to-day. What also must become of memory, and how, if always changing, how am I conscious of being the same? Yet I can trace back my actions for years, I am conscious that I am, and have been, and therefore my soul is not the same as my body, but a purer substance, because like the body it does not evaporate. The metaphysicians of to-day tell us that the soul is without

without parts. Why don't they say at once there is no such thing? for 'tis the same as saying that a thing can be, and not be at the same time; for whatever is must have parts, or extension. We see that the body cannot act without the soul, from whence we may infer that the soul can act without the body; because if it can act within, may it not act without, the body being mere matter, and can add nothing to the qualities of spirit."

"I no longer doubt," replied Shechem. "I never did doubt of the being of a God, but I knew not what to think when I saw the abominations daily committed with impunity. When I saw man-slaughter taught as a science, and the name of the Most High profan'd, as sanctioning the murder of those beings he would have permitted to live. Where, thought I, was Providence, when Alexander slaughtered his thousands? Where, when the gold-thirsting Spaniards put the knife to the throats of millions of Mexicans and Peruvians? and where,—but alas! my friend, my soul sickens at the picture, and I will believe there must be a time of retribution.

"Perhaps," said Theodore "the crimes themselves produce sufficient punishment. A wounded mind is a companion that permits no rest to the harrowed soul, but follows alike to the banquet and the pillow; besides is there a petty crime that brings not with it a punishment?

I know

I know not whether my readers may take pleasure in attending to the discourse of a dungeon, or to those deep reflections the misfortunes and impending fate of Theodore excited. Perhaps the gayer scenes of life may please them better, and feeling in themselves the truth of those positions, may endeavour to shake off the dull consideration, and aim to live, whilst to live is allowed them.

Shechem returned at night to the inn, where he found Hanson something better, and the ladies calmed into resignation, endeavoured to support themselves under the event of to-morrow. Eve found it impossible to sustain herself under a last farewell, her soul recoiled with a chill shudder from the thought of embracing for the last time, a man whom she had loved, and who was to be torn from before her, and extended on a gibbet.

But though his two sisters underwent much the same sensation, they retained firmness enough once more to bid him adieu, and mingle their tears with his. Shechem wished them to remain behind, as well from his fear of their inability to support so great a shock, as that they might sustain the spirits of his daughter, but finding them determined to go, he did not venture to oppose them.

An unusual solemnity seemed to them to reign in the prison, and as they advanced a dampness crept over them. The grating bolts smote upon their hearts with terror, and when they entered the cell they sunk down, overcome with sickness and fear. Some water was provided to recover them, and Shechem, notwithstanding all his firmness, was glad to swallow a few spoonfuls, which restored to him the power of utterance.

This scene was grievous to Theodore, who seemed reanimated with new firmness, in place of dismay at approaching dissolution. He embraced his sisters and Shechem. "Why," said he, "do you lament at my happiness? either I am going to meet Eliza, or this day I cease for ever to be, and oblivion will enshroud me. Do not then embitter this my day of triumph, but let me see you resigned and smiling, that I may recall to mind the delight I experienced the first day I beheld you in your father's cottage."

"Oh!" cried the youngest, throwing her arms about his neck, "surely they will not have the barbarity to hang so amiable a man. Is it not all a dream? Am I really awake?"

"True, my sister," said Theodore, and now for the first time a tear started in his eye,
as

as he pressed her to his bosom, and kissed her cheek, which though blooming, had now faded to a cold white. "True," said he, "this is all a dream, and you would prevent my waking before you, to enjoy a more happy reality."

The door was now opened by the keeper, and two men advanced with implements to knock off his irons.

"Who are these," cried Sophia, starting up with a look of wildness, "Oh! my brother, what are they going to do? Surely, surely, they will not take you from us. Take me," cried she, throwing herself before them, "he is not guilty, he is not guilty."

The colour flushed in the faces of the men, for what heart could resist the impression of compassion, when enforced by the voice of beauty and grief? They stopped, they hesitated, and agreed to wait yet half an hour. This trivial respite was quickly elapsed, and they again entered, attended by a clergyman, who endeavoured to exert the voice of reason, to still the tumults of nature and passion.

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They were torn from his embrace by violence, and as he quitted the cell, sunk down in a fainting fit, to which even Shechem had not strength to attend. That benevolent descendant of Abraham found himself so shocked the moment he lost sight of Theodore in the gloomy passage of the prison, that reflection faded from him, and he cast himself on the ground in a momentary suspension of reason. He then arose and made an effort to follow Theodore, but he found his enfeebled frame had received a stroke so violent, that his strength refused to sustain him, and in a gloomy kind of fortitude he sat down, gazing on the two sisters, who remained insensible, notwithstanding the efforts of the surgeon, who instantly attended.

In the mean time the melancholy procession attended by vast crowds of weeping spectators, advanced slowly to the place of execution.—No smile was visible on any of their features, and many quitted a scene too mournful for their feelings. With a calm and settled dignity Theodore sustained his situation, he endeavoured to smile upon the crowd, but again his features relaxed to the solemnity they had long acquired.

When

When they arrived at the platform, a dead silence prevailed, whilst Theodore pronounced with the Minister a short prayer, but this office finished, an universal sound of weeping was heard, and Theodore contemplated for a moment the many who pitied his fate. He advanced by permission of the Sheriff, to the edge of the cart, and waving his hand to the people, they were hushed into silence. "Learn, my friends," said he, "from this the obedience due to the laws. It is necessary that I should thus suffer for the outrage I have committed, and let all mankind learn, that when passion overcomes reason, desolation is the consequence."

He then remained silent, and taking from his bosom the picture of Eliza, pressed it to his lips, and afterwards gave it to the Minister. "Now," said he, "I am ready, and tell my father that with my last breath I forgive the wrongs he has done me, as I consider them proceeding from erroneous reasoning, and the unrestrained passion of power."

The knot was then fixed; the cart withdrew, and the sufferings of Theodore ended.

A general groan burst from the spectators. Murmurs of execration were mingled in the air with the names of Theodoric and Cyphon; after the usual time the body was cut down, and delivered to the proxies of Shechem, by whom it was afterwards interred in the same tomb with Eliza.

A messenger immediately set out for the habitation of Cyphon, who lay wounded, and a prey to all the suggestions of disappointed ambition. He had employed all his interest to procure a respite or pardon, but never having learnt to cringe to any above him, delay succeeded to delay, till intercession became ineffectual. The certain knowledge of his son's death, struck him like a clap of thunder over the head of a man committing some act of outrage; and the last dying speech and confession, which was cried beneath his windows, shook every nerve to anguish. He repented having pursued with so much madness a son, whose firmness he admired, and whose virtues he could not but acknowledge. Even pride lost much in his sight, as the suggestion naturally presented, that had he listened to the wishes of his son, he might now have seen him happy, and been blessed with descendants to continue his name. The two estates devolving on Theodore would have ensured wealth and honour sufficient;

ficient; whereas now, his brother had been murdered, himself stained in sanguinary crimes, and his son executed by the hands of the common hangman.

Where was now the honour of accumulated dignity, where was now the boast of power? he alone, reduced by disease and corrosive jealousy, remained the subject of despair, and smarting under the anguish of a mutilated frame. From reflections so galling to a man of his imperious nature, he struggled to fly; and finding that opiates were administered to relieve the acute pains of the body, he applied a larger dose to alleviate the more excruciating sufferings of his mind.

Perhaps, on summing up his worldly account of happiness to come, he found the balance so far against him, that spurning at the hand of retributive Justice, he resolved to quit a state now become insupportable. Opium furnished the means, and closed the eyes of a man whose existence was a curse upon the earth, and whose death was considered by the neighbouring poor, as a judgment for his crimes, and a subject of rejoicing, as a liberation from slavery.

This event occasioned some fear to Shechem and the Hansons, who expected their brother might be called to account; but from this they were relieved by the depositions of the servants and the verdict of the jury, who very wisely imputed it to insanity, because it was inconsistent with decency to bury a gentleman in a cross-road, or mutilate the body of a man so wealthy; and if any doubt might remain, it was done away, by a self-evident argument, advanced by the foreman.

“We all know,” said he, “that to be respected and honoured has been the chief end, and motive and design of the life and actions of the ‘Squire. And so now, Gentlemen, don’t we all know that he hanged his son, rather than he should marry, and have connection and live with a woman of a low and groveling birth? Now this being clear, the ‘Squire could not be in his senses and right mind, as we say, or he would not have gone to run the hazard of being trod beneath the feet of every swine-driver and common beggar in the parish.”

No one attempted to dissent from so just an observation; and the person who had thrown Theodoric’s estate into Chancery, to testify his sorrow at the decease of his relation, blazoned his virtues in marble; and succeeding

ceeding ages will wonder at his charity, humanity, parental tenderness, and exemplary piety.

No enquiry had been made into the decease of the keeper, whose death had been found accidental, as the servants, not having the fear of their master before their eyes, and having the gold of Shechem in their pockets, made oath that he was the first to begin the attack, which was in fact the case, and that, owing to the darkness, it was impossible to distinguish persons.

Time had restored to Hanson his strength, and taken from the grief of the ladies, whose thoughts again veered to the enjoyments of life. Eve had not yet consented to be the wife of Hanson, as she pleaded for a year to mourn the fate of Theodore, considering that propriety demanded this attention.

Edward, incited by the little notice taken of his late exploit, and trusting to the defect of witnesses, who could not possibly ascertain his person in a night so dark, ventured to return
from

from France; and Shechem, retiring to the Minorities, continued to extort from the spendthrift, to accumulate bond to bond, and in defiance of every Christian example, to bestow charity without applause, and benefit mankind in secret.

Let those who mourn our Hero's wayward fate,
Learn to restrain with Reason's guiding pow'r
Impulse the passion, lest repentance late
Should give to misery each succeeding hour.

FINIS.

